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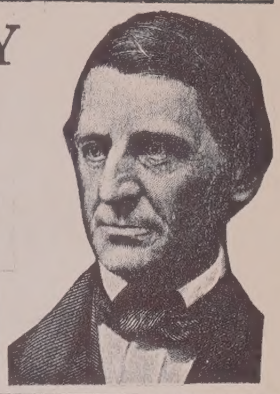

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CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

Crayon portrait of Thoreau by Samuel Worcester Rowse
'His soul was made for the noblest society'

THE FIRST PARISH MEETING HOUSE—Rebuilt in 1901, after a fire, on the site of the old church where the Provincial Congress met before the Revolution

CONTENTS

CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

WHETHER THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF POETRY HAS BEEN ON THE WHOLE BENEFICIAL TO MANKIND?

LECTURE ON SLAVERY (1835)

SOME MEMORABILIA OF FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN

GEOLOGICAL SPECULATION AT EMERSON'S HARVARD IN 1825

LECTURES IN BOSTON DURING THOREAU'S SENIOR YEAR

THOREAU'S DIPLOMA AGAIN

CLIPPINGS ON WALDEN POND

THOREAU, FLAGG, AND BURROUGHS

CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR*

I hope I may be pardoned if I put on record here a slight and imperfect tribute to the memory of Charles Emerson, who was betrothed to my eldest sister. It is nearly seventy years ago. Yet the sweet and tender romance is still fresh in my heart. He was a descendant of a race of Concord clergymen, including Peter Bulkeley, the founder of the town. He was born in Boston, but spent much of his youth in Concord in the household of Dr. Ripley, who was the second husband of the grandmother of the Emersons. He studied law partly at Cambridge Law School, partly in Daniel Webster's office in Boston, and afterward with my father in Concord. When my father took his seat in Congress, in 1835, Emerson succeeded to his office, and if he had lived would have succeeded to his practice. Waldo Emerson has left it on record that he was led to choose Concord as his dwelling-place to be near his brother. Waldo's house had been enlarged to make room for Charles and his bride under the same roof. The house was ready and the wedding near at hand when, in riding from Boston to Concord on top of the stage, Charles took a violent cold, which was followed by pleurisy and death. He was of a very sociable nature, knew all the town people, lectured before the Lyceum, had a class in the Sunday-school and used to speak in the Lyceum debates. He had a very pleasant wit. He was on the committee for the celebration of the settlement of the town in 1835, at the end of two hundred years, and about the same time was on a committee to attend the celebration at Acton, where the people claimed for themselves all the glory of the Concord Fight. He had thought it likely the Acton people would ask him to speak. But they did not. As he was riding back in the chaise, he said if they had asked him to speak, he had it in mind to give as a toast, "The blessed Memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, who first landed at Acton."

He was especially fond of boys, and they of him. When he died, every schoolboy thought he had lost a friend. One had a knife and another a book or a picture which he prized, and another a pair of skates which Charles Emerson had given him. It may be a fond exaggeration, but I think he was the most brilliant intellect ever born in Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster, who was consulted as to where Emerson should settle, said, "Settle! Let him settle anywhere. Let him settle in the midst of the back woods of Maine, the clients will throng after him." Mr. Everett delivered an eloquent eulogy after his death, at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Harvard.

Dr. Holmes's exquisite tribute in his Phi Beta poems is well known:

> Thou calm, chaste scholar! I can see thee now,
> The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,
> O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down
> In graceful folds the academic gown,
> On thy curled lip the classic lines that taught
> How nice the mind that sculptured them with thought,
> And triumph glistening in the clear blue eye,
> Too bright to live,—but Oh! too fair to die.

Dr. Holmes also says in his last tribute to Waldo:

"Of Charles Chauncey, the youngest brother, I knew something in my college days. A beautiful, high-souled, pure, exquisitely delicate nature in a slight but finely wrought mortal frame, he was for me the very ideal of an embodied celestial intelligence. I may venture to mention a trivial circumstance, because it points to the character of his favorite reading, which was likely to be guided by the same tastes as his brother's, and may have been specially directed by him. Coming into my room one day, he took up a copy of Hazlitt's British Poets. He opened it to the poem of Andrew Marvell's, entitled 'The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn,' which he read to me with delight irradiating his expressive features. The lines remained with me, or many of them, from that hour,—

> Had it lived long, it would have been
> Lilies without, roses within.

"I felt as many have felt after being with his brother, Ralph Waldo, that I had entertained an angel visitant. The fawn of Marvell's imagination survives in my memory as the fitting image to recall this beautiful youth; a soul glowing like the rose of morning with enthusiasm, a character white as the lilies in its purity."

The late Samuel May, who was in the class after Emerson's at Harvard, told me that the impression his character and person made upon the students of his time was so great that when he passed through the college yard, everybody turned to look after him, as in later days men looked after Webster when he passed down State Street.

The Rev. Joseph H. Cross, now (1903) still living, the oldest graduate of Harvard, was his classmate. I received this letter from him a few years ago:

66 Bradford St., Lawrence,
January 8, 1897.

Hon. G. F. Hoar,

Dear Sir:

Yours of 5th inst. is before me; and I am glad to remember my classmate Emerson and answer your inquiries. I knew that he studied law in your Honored Father's office, and was betrothed to your eldest sister.

Your first inquiry is "as to his looks." He was about medium height, well proportioned and straight as an arrow,

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* Reprinted with the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, from volume one, pages 62-69, of George Frisbie Hoar's Autobiography of Seventy Years, (2 vols.), New York, 1903.

brown hair and clear blue eyes, with fair complexion and handsome features. "His scholarship and talents," both of the highest order. The class regarded him as the first and best scholar, dignified and refined in manners, courteous and amiable in spirit. He had great influence in his own class, and was much esteemed and beloved by all.

I think the impression he made upon all who knew him was that of a classical scholar and a perfect gentleman.

Dr. Channing said when he died that all New England mourned his loss.

Although Charles was seven years the younger, his brother Waldo speaks of him as his own master and teacher. The following letter was written by Waldo to his aunt Mary just after Charles's death. A part of it is printed in Cabot's Biography. Waldo and my sister, Elizabeth, heard of the extremity of his danger, and were on their way to see him, but arrived too late to find him alive.

"12 May.

"You have already heard that E. and I arrived too late to see Charles. He died on Monday afternoon, immediately after returning from a ride with Mother. He got out of the coach alone, walked up the steps and into the house without assistance, then sat down upon the stairs, fainted and never recovered. Yesterday afternoon we attended his funeral, and that is the end on this side Heaven, of his extraordinary promise, the union of such shining gifts,—grace and genius, and sense and virtue. What a loss is this to us all—to Elizabeth and Mother and you and me. In him I have lost all my society. I sought no other and formed my habits to live with him. I deferred to him on so many questions and trusted him more than myself, that I feel as if I had lost the best part of myself. In him were the foundations of so solid a confidence and friendship that all the years of life leaned upon him. His genius too was a fountain inexhaustible of thoughts and kept me ever curious and expectant. Nothing was too great, nothing too beautiful for his grasp or his expression, and as brilliant as his power of illustration was, he stuck like a mathematician to his truth and never added a syllable for display. I cannot tell you how much I have valued his conversation for these last two or three years, and he has never stopped growing, but has ripened from month to month. Indeed, the weight of his thoughts and the fresh and various forms in which he instantly clothed them has made Shakespeare more conceivable to me, as Shakespeare was almost the only genius whom he wholly loved. His taste was unerring. What he called good was good, but so severe was it that very few works and very few men could satisfy him, and this because his standard was a pure ideal beauty and he never forgot himself so far as to accept any lower actual one in lieu of it. But I must not begin yet to enumerate his perfections. I shall not know where to stop, and what would be bare truth to me would sound on paper like the fondest exaggeration.

"I mourn for the Commonwealth, which has lost before it yet had learned his name the promise of his eloquence and rare public gifts. He blessed himself that he had been bred from infancy as it were in the public eye, and he looked forward to the debates in the Senate on great political questions as to his fit and native element. And with reason, for in extempore debate his speech was music, and the precision, the flow and the elegance of his discourse equally excellent. Familiar as I was with his powers, when a year ago I first heard him take part in a debate, he surprised me with his success. He spoke so well that he was impatient of writing as not being a fit medium for him. I never shall hear such speaking as his, for his memory was a garden of immortal flowers, and all his reading came up to him as he talked, to clear, elevate and decorate the subject of his present thought. But I shall never have done describing, as I see well I shall never cease grieving as long as I am on the earth that he has left it. It seems no longer worth living in, if whatever delights us in it departs. He has quitted forever the apparent, the partial. He has gone to make acquaintance with the real, the good, the divine, and to find mates and coöperators such as we could not offer him."

Charles Emerson entered with zeal and sympathy into the daily life of the people of Concord. He delivered a few lectures, which were quite celebrated. Some of his manuscripts are in existence, and there is a boyish essay or two in the *Harvard Magazine*, one on Conversation and one on Friendship, which show a singular charm and simplicity of style. He wrote the epitaph on the tomb of Professor Ashmun at Mount Auburn, and a tribute to his friend, James Jackson, Jr., which is preserved in Jackson's memoir by his father.

Miss Martineau, in a chapter of her autobiography written in 1836, describes the feeling in Boston in regard to the opposition to slavery, which seems now incredible even to those who remember it. She says:

"The Emersons, for the adored Charles Emerson was living then, were not men to join an association for any object. . . . But at the time of the hubbub against me in Boston, Charles Emerson stood alone of a large company in defence of free thought and speech, and declared that he had rather see Boston in ashes than that I or anybody should be debarred in any way from perfectly free speech."

Robert C. Winthrop, who was Charles Emerson's intimate friend in boyhood, wrote for the *Advertiser* a beautiful obituary notice. He says: "Emerson was eminently a man of genius. We know not that in his riper years he ever wrote a line of poetry, but no one could have listened to him, either in private or public without feeling that he had a poet's power; while his prose composition was of so pure and finished a style as to show plainly that close perusal of the English Classics in which he so much delighted. . . . One opinion which Mr. Emerson had early formed, and which had he been spared to mature life might have contributed much to his eminence may, in the sad event which has occurred, have contracted the circle of his fame. . . . He had formed in his own mind a standard of education far beyond that which can be completed, even by the most faithful application, within the ordinary rounds of school and college—an education in which every man must be mainly his own master. In the work of this enlarged self-education he was engaged, and, until it was finished, he shrunk from the appearance of attempting to instruct others. He had in him all the elements which would have insured the success

of early efforts at display—a fluent speech, a fine elocution, quick conception, a brilliant fancy. But his ambition, . . . while it aspired to a lofty eminence, was content to see that eminence still in the distance." Mr. Winthrop adds, "Principle, unyielding and uncompromising principle, was the very breath of his soul, and pervaded and animated his whole intellectual system. . . . He openly professed what he believed, and he acted up to his professions. He not only held conscience the guide of his life, but he took care to school and discipline that conscience so that its dictates should always conform to truth, to duty, to the laws of God. He was an honorable, high-minded, virtuous man—a sincere and devout Christian. . . . He has fallen at the very gate of an honorable and eminent career, and a thousand hopes are buried in his grave."

A few years before Mr. Winthrop died I met him in Cambridge, at the Peabody Museum, of which we were both trustees. The trustees were gathered in their room waiting for the meeting to be called to order. Mr. Winthrop was talking about his college days. I asked him how it happened that there were so many distinguished persons, in various departments of excellence, who were graduated from Harvard about his time, in his class and in the few classes following and preceding. I said that sometimes there would be several orators, or eminent men of science, or eminent classical scholars, or eminent teachers, graduated about the same time, and their excellence would be attributed to some one instructor; but that in his time there seemed to be a crop of great men in all departments of life—in natural history, in the pulpit, the bar, in oratory, in literature, and in public life. Mr. Winthrop rose to his feet from his chair and brought his hand down with great emphasis on the table as he answered: "It was the influence of Charles Emerson, Sir."

Charles Emerson delivered just before his death a very beautiful and impressive lecture on Socrates. It was long remembered by the people of Concord. It is said that they who heard it never forgot his beautiful figure and glowing countenance as he ended a passage of great eloquence at the close of the lecture with the words,

"God for thee has done His part. Do thine."

WHETHER THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF POETRY HAS BEEN ON THE WHOLE BENEFICIAL TO MANKIND?*

By CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

In approaching the subject of Poetry, we appear to approach a subject strown with the wrecks of unsuccessful criticism. The curiosity of scholars has long been exercised & defeated in attempts to investigate the nature of Poetry. It is hard to devise a theory so flexible & so comprehensive as to embrace all the creations of human wit that make pretensions to the name of Poetry, from the loud bombast of the Celtic & Scandinavian Muse, to the simple & vulgar ballads of England & Spain on the one hand, & on the other, to the subtil & elaborated refinement of Lucretius or Milton. No coarse perceptions, no feeble faculties are demanded in speculations concerning the nature of that, which presents to the mind, at one moment, ideas too vast for its conception, & at another, employs its powers in detecting the most exquisitely minute relations; which is equally capable of absorbing the soul in the contemplation of remote worlds, & of concentrating our interest on a rosebud or a gray-coated gnat; which now kindles within us aspirations for other spheres & higher destinies, & now lulls the spirit into contentment with the loveliness of earth.

Quitting the province of general criticism, if we examine the analyses of famous poems by men distinguished for accurate knowledge, & philosophic genius, we find ourselves still in the region of unsettled opinions, & unsubstantiated theories. These critiques are commonly nothing more than labored appologies for a particular system of rules of Art, & our faith in their solidity is very much shaken, when the trivial ballad of Chevy Chase is commended to our respect as a charming & picturesque poem, possessed of epic unities & pathos,[1] while Lycidas is refused even the name of poetry, because it violates certain proprieties of verse.[2] I am therefore glad that the argument in regard to the action of Poetry upon morals, depends not at all upon the unsafe, imperfect principles of superficial criticism. I am glad that the appeal is to a higher jurisdiction. For if, as is certainly the fact, our subject is

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* MS. HU 89.165.69 in the Harvard University Archives, edited here with permission. It is Charles Chauncy Emerson's Bowdoin Prize Dissertation presented in June, 1828, near the end of his Senior year. For it he won first prize. Misspellings are C. C. E's.

connected with the real nature of Poetry every future developement of this nature, will throw a broader light upon the question now at issue. And I do believe that poetry even in its secret elements, is not to be accounted among those 'arcana' inscrutable by human faculties. In the face of that ridicule, which we know attaches very generally in this country to German Metaphysics, I own I cherish an expectation that we are yet to learn much in this department of letters from enquiries pursued in the spirit and according to the genius of German speculation. Nor do I fear that a clearer understanding of Poetry will take from its beauty-- If it is permitted us to lift the silver viel [sic] that has so long hid from our eye the true lineaments of the Muse, I am not afraid that any shocking disclosure awaits us: Truth is forever beautiful.

For the consideration of the moral influences of Poetry, however, we shall not need any more intimate knowledge of its essence, than what has long since been made familiar to all cultivated minds, by the masterly exposition of its principles & tendency, which has come to us from some of the most eminent scholars the world has produced. Of these universal & approved opinions we may justly avail ourselves.-- I shall endeavor to prove, that the moral influence of Poetry has been beneficial to mankind; and this I shall attempt to do, by showing, in the first place, that Poetry from its nature must have a good moral influence, and secondly, from its history, that it has exerted such an influence.

We have no ambition to offer any rash paradoxes on so old a subject as the theory of Poetry. We think it most safe & wise to found our remarks upon the consenting judgements of a few able Critics. We begin then with Aristotle, who compares it with history.

> ἀλλὰ τούτῳ διαφέρει, τῷ τὸν μὲν τὰ γενόμενα λέγειν, τὸν δὲ οἷα ἂν γένοιτο. διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποίησις ἱστορίας ἐστίν· ἡ μὲν γὰρ ποίησις μᾶλλον τὰ καθόλου, ἡ δ' ἱστορία τὰ καθ' ἕκαστον λέγει.

"History & Poetry differ in this respect; that the former recounts events that have taken place; the latter those which might happen. Wherefore Poetry is more philosophical & generous in its nature than history; for Poetry manifests the universal relations of things, History the individual & particular."[3] We quote this opinion of the father of Criticism, with the more pleasure, because besides the veneration that must always belong to his opinions in the history of the human mind, it is extremely curious to observe, how fully a criticism founded upon a single school of Poets (the early Greek) holds with respect to all the variety of forms in which Poetry has since been exhibited in every nation. It may also be well to remark upon the preference here given to Poetry above history as a source of improvement to the mind, that it is one in which, almost all, who have thought & written on the subject, agree. And hardly could their conviction of the excellent influences of Poetry be more strongly expressed than in placing it before History, whose adaptation to the purposes of mental discipline is universally acknowledged.-- I shall quote too what Bacon has said of Poetry--not in the expectation that it will be new to any, but because the criticism is one of such a noble & accurate nature, that it may well furnish the foundation of all subsequent discussion of the question. "Cum mundus sensibilis sit animâ rationali dignitate inferior, videtur Poesis haec humanae naturae largiri, quae historia denegat; atque animo umbris rerum utcumque [sic] satisfacere, cum solida haberi non possint. Si quis enim rem acutius introspiciat, firmum ex Poesi sumitur argumentum, magnitudinem rerum magis illustrem, ordinem magis perfectum, et varietatem magis pulchram animae humanae complacere, quam in naturâ ipsâ post lapsum, reperire ullo modo possit. Quapropter cum res gestae et eventus qui verae historiae subjaciuntur, non sint ejus amplitudinis in quâ anima humana sibi satisfaciat, praesto est Poesis, quae facta magis heroica confingat. Cum historia vera successus rerum minime pro meritis virtutum et scelerum narret, corrigit eam Poesis et exitus et fortunas secundum merita ut ex lege Nemeseos exhibet. x x x x Adeo ut Poesis ista non solum [ad] delectationem sed etiam ad animi magnitudinem et ad mores conferat. Quare et merito divinitatis particeps videri possit; quia animum erigit et in sublime rapit: rerum simulacra ad animi desideria accommodando, non animum rebus (quod ratio facit et historia) submittendo.[4] —Such is the doctrine of Lord Bacon—"Poetry accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind. It partakes of Divinity, for

it raises the thoughts from earth to Heaven. It is a representation of a more perfect & beautiful society—a fairer & more majestic universe." We cannot persuade ourselves, by any sound logic, that the effect of such a representation, upon the moral character will be injurious. — "Wherever" says Frederic Schlegel "the highest life is comprehended & represented in its deeper meaning, there are to be heard at least some echoes of that godlike love, whose center point & full harmony lies certainly in the christian religion."[5] Sir William Davenant observes that "Truth narrative & past is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing) & truth operative & by effects continually alive, is the mistress of Poets, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason." Madam de Stael pronounces "Poetry to be the natural language of all worship." "The Bible is full of Poetry & Homer is full of religion." "Poetry is the momentary possession of all our soul desires."[6] Beattie asserts that "it is impossible a piece of real & pleasing poetry can be extended to any great length, without operating directly or indirectly either on those affections that are friendly to virtue, or on those sympathies that quicken our moral sensibilities, & prepare us for virtuous impressions."[7] And still later, two writers of our own country, who are both, with whatever dissimilitude of genius, acute & profound moralists have maintained the same opinions. "Poetry is the perception of Truth in all its relations."[8] "Poetry seems to us the divinest of all arts— We accordingly believe, that far from injuring society, it is one of the great instruments of its refinement & exaltation. In its legitimate & highest efforts it has the same tendency & aim with Christianity, that is to spiritualize our nature. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections."[9] I might multiply without end these authorities, all supporting the same fundamental opinion, that the moral influences of poetry are pure & elevating. But it would be a needless waste of time. It is sufficient that on this point we have a general consent from so many & so competent judges. It is however proper to observe that this opinion is entitled to the greater confidence, since it is one upon which writers have fallen incidentally, when pursuing a different investigation. They were not treating of the moral influences of Poetry; they were not forced to adopt any belief concerning them; but in searching for the nature & origin of poetry, its connexion with the religious emotions of the heart, was so perpetually engaging their attention, that they felt, should they be silent on this point, their views would justly be deemed incomplete & unsatisfactory.

If the nature of poetry have this sacredness, it follows, or rather precedes this induction, that the great body of poetry must share this nature & give evidence of it to mankind. Else how do we infer that such is the nature of poetry? We see & feel that the sublimest hopes & sweetest reflections which belong to humanity have been most frequently & worthily imparted to our minds through the medium of Poetry. Had we on the contrary found, that it was usually made the means of introducing to the soul, impure images & unlawful desires; had we found the mass (if this expression be here allowed me) of Poetry corrupt, while the instances were rare, in which it was clean from polluting & seductive principles, we certainly should not have inferred that Poetry was naturally allied to virtue. Since this inference has been unequivocally & universally made, it implies the truth, that far the largest portion of Poetry is characterized by a chaste & exalted morality.

But it is said, Poetry without being in itself immoral may yet generate in the mind an unnatural excitement unfriendly to virtue. It is open to the same objections which exist against Romances. It distorts the relation of things & deceives us with a false show, till we have no longer capacity to perceive the truth nor disposition to enjoy it. — In the first place it is to be remarked, that Poetry & Romance are widely different in their character & effects. Poetry does not distort, it scarcely exaggerates Nature. "The sublimest truths are conveyed in its fictions." It does not create that intense & overheated interest, which it is the professed object of Romance to produce, & which is succeeded by a moral & intellectual lassitude. Moreover, it is an universal law of nature, that every-thing shall reproduce its own kind. Men do not gather thorns of the vine, nor thistles of the fig-tree. So also in the world spiritual, the expression of pure sentiment or lofty thought, has a strong & direct tendency to create & elicit in other minds, pure sentiment & lofty thought. Thus far the old philosophy is true (to which Socrates adverted in the Phedon) which taught that the soul of man was a divine harmony. It is attuned to a harmony with kindred souls, & when in one the note is struck of high religious feeling, that soul must be all unstrung which does not vibrate in sacred sympathy. We should esteem it a singular paradox, if one should maintain, that it was with great danger to our virtue, that we attended upon the preaching of a Christian orator, who was accustomed to set forth with all the charms of persuasion, the beauty of a holy life; that it was unsafe for us to learn how good & excellent we were capable of becoming; that our moral sense was weakened & bewildered by its elevation.

Yet this is the paradox to which they would have us yield our assent, who contend that Poetry exerts an evil influence, while it represents man, nature & events, more just & glorious than they are found in this "poor particular world." We are told, that look as long as we may on fine forms & fairest features, it will never give elegance to the figure, nor beauty to the countenance. Here, however, the analogy between the material & moral universe is broken. Looking upon great characters, feeding the imagination with visions of ideal excellence, does beget a desire to be like that which we reverence & love; & what we desire our lives should be, the laws of God have enabled us to render them.

Again it is urged, if Poetry tend to exert over all men this goodly influence, still stronger should be its action on the soul of the bard himself. Yet consider the lives & characters of some of the most eminent Poets, of Anacreon, Ovid, Dryden, Rochester, Rabelais & a licentious crowd out of every nation, who have profaned the sanctuary of the Muses & prostituted to the service of sin, powers that might have illustrated the cause of virtue.

In the first place, I would observe, that however the melancholy catalogue may be swelled, of those who have abused the inestimable gift of poetic talent, it is nevertheless true, that in no single class or profession of men, can there be found so large a proportion of individuals distinguished by uncommon & noble qualities, by upright intention & simplicity of life. But it is easy to meet the objection on other ground. A parallel may in this respect, as in many others, be drawn between Poetry & Eloquence. No one can be a Poet more than an orator, unless he be a <u>good man</u>. The assertion of Quinctilian "Nemo Orator nisi vir bonus" has found its sanction in every sagacious mind. Yet have we known among ancients & moderns very many eloquent orators, whose moral characters were deformed with great vices & detestable meanness.— We are to remember, if we would reconcile this apparent inconsistency, that the classification of saints & sinners is one of convenience rather than of truth, that few or none of the human family are either wholly good, or wholly bad; in the one class there is something of error, in the other there is something of virtue. Now every man in precisely that degree in which he is a Poet, is a good man. Just as far as his soul is filled with lofty Poetic conceptions, just so far he is good in the character of his mind. But the seasons of inspiration may be infrequent & may be interrupted by dreary intervals of sensuality, & his mental energies may be so debilitated by vice as to permit the thoughts even in the moment of intellectual excitement, to transgress the lines of truth & virtue & return to habitual impure associations. Moreover we must guard against the notion that it was Poetry which made them libertines, by adverting to the temptations natural to their situation in society. They were commonly poor men introduced by the popularity of their works into high company for which from the refinement of their minds they had a keen relish, & they were caressed. Their wit made them secure of invitations to the carousals of the great, & their freedom from the daily duties of a profession as law, or physic, deprived them of that effectual check which keeps other men safe in similar enjoyments. Men who make music a trade are commonly irregular livers, not certainly because Mozart's Dirge or Pleyel's Hymn have any unfavourable influence upon the character, but from obvious circumstances peculiar to their calling. The character of the Professors of an Art is clearly an entirely seperate [<u>sic</u>] question from the character of the Art itself. And to doubt the moral influence of Poetry, because some Poets have been depraved, is as idle as to question the moral influence of preaching because some good sermons have come from bad clergymen.

But let us look (if it be not an encroachment upon our second topic) at the effects of Poetry upon some of those most prominently endowed with its spirit & genius. Shakespeare, if old tradition do not lie, was no puritan in manners or principles. He entertained no pious horror of gay company & midnight revels. A prosecution for Poaching drove him to London, & there he rose from the menial services of linkboy to the scarcely more honorable office of under-actor in his own & Ben. Johnson's plays. A great favorite with the play-actors, he was at home & happy in the society of the Greenroom, nor can we learn that he ever manifested any uneasiness at the grossness & profligacy with which he was surrounded. But when we open his "invalued book," we find not the merry catches only, & pleasant comic humour & exhaustless invention, but we are taught anew the charms of innocence, we are awed by the precepts of a searching uncompromising morality. What was it that enabled a man, the tenor of whose life was such as Shakespeare's has been represented, to rise without effort or affectation to the style of a sublime & beautiful moralist? It was the inspiration of Poetry. And here I use the term in no vague metaphorical sense. It was a true, celestial inspiration: "Deus nobis haec fecit, namque erit ille mihi semper Deus." It was a "divinus afflatus" the voice of the

God within him, that spoke from his lips in accents of terrible rebuke to triumphant villany, & of gracious encouragement to faltering virtue. It was this inspiration which enabled him to paint guilt in all its ghastly features of cowardice & abasement, & to array in all their matchless perfections, truth, goodness & purity.

Dryden encouraged by his countenance & example the abominable licentiousness of the court of the second Charles. It must be confessed he put little restraint upon his filthy imagination. Yet Dryden, when the spirit of true Poetry is wakened in his soul, when he is carried away by the interest of his subject, and the strong flow of thought, from all recollections & associations of time & place, is purged awhile from all his obscenity. "His works," says Dr. Johnson, "afford too many examples of dissolute licentiousness & abject adulation; but they were probably like his merriment artificial & constrained; the effects of study & meditation, & his trade rather than his pleasure."[10] Nay, such a conflict was impurity compelled to sustain, in his breast, with the moral tendency of Poetry, that he was perpetually disturbed by the compunctions of conscience at having betrayed the sacred trust reposed in him. In his old age he acknowledged these compunctions & repented in sincere sorrow the irreligion & indecency of his early works.[11] Poetry maintained a holy war with the profligacy imbibed from a degenerate community & finally achieved the victory; It "went with him like a good angel to his end."

I may be allowed to adduce one farther instance, from our own times, Lord Byron. How strong was the conviction in almost all minds, that this gifted but abandoned Poet, would finally be won over to virtue! We could hardly bring ourselves to believe that his great ambition & unmeasured powers, were never to be consecrated by the sweet influences of Christian love & hope. And when like the "guilty Cardinal, He died, & made no sign," when the expectations of the world were disappointed by his untimely end, every one must remember his own sorrow, that Death had anticipated reform. So surely had the opinion rooted itself, that Poetry must sooner or later redeem him from misanthropy & depraved passion.

But besides the moral influence peculiar to Poetry, it has a beneficial tendency common to all intellectual discipline. Geometry has an excellent moral influence. The long experience of courts of law has attested, that the diffusion of the means of education is the best safe-guard to public virtue. Poetry is an intellectual discipline, & it is one admirably adapted to refine the temper and purify the heart. It is in this view, that I regard as profitable, much of that Poetry, which not having for its professed object, the improvement of the morals, has been stigmatized by certain religionists, as "a tissue of embroidered vanities, fit only for idle worldlings." Many, however, even among grave theologians have allowed a worth & a praise even to this lighter sort of Poetry. "Atqui sunt carmina, quae tantummodo delectant, nec tamen ideo repudianda, aut damnanda; ut quae morum nulla praecepta, nullas numinis virtutisque laudes, reconditas abstrusasque sententias nullas, sed res obvias, ita omni convestiunt dictionis et numerorum ornatu, ut exquisitius placeant; quae silvas, quae amoenos fluminum lapsus, tanquam oculis nostris subjiciunt. Nollem prorsus negari esse aliquam Poesin, eamque laudabilem, quae nullum sibi finem propositum praeter delectationem habeat."[12] In order to relish such Poetry a man's faculties must have been exercised in observing the wonderful structure & mutual adaptation of the smallest particles of organized matter, & in detecting those delicate & beautiful laws by which matter acts upon mind. A felon in a penitentiary, discovers no interest in the petals of a lily: much less is he likely to betray any admiration, if you disclose to him the singular propriety of an epithet or image in the Penseroso. To create a taste which shall perceive this beauty, he must be set at liberty, & become familiar with the scenery of Nature, with mountains & forests & flowers. Now these habits of life & study which must exist in order to the enjoyment of Poetry, & to which Poetry more seriously inclines us, are habits & studies beyond all others apt to develope the innate principle of goodness in the human mind. The outward world was framed for the education of the inner man, & every thing which augments & explains the sympathy between them, renders us better & wiser.

II.

We come now to determine by the evidence of History what, in time past, have been the connexions of Poetry, in what states of society it has flourished, & what results it has aided in bringing about. We leave conjecture & doubtful speculation behind us: we are now to deal with facts. They who dispute the most conclusive reasoning from the nature of things, dare not oppose their weak personal prejudices, to the deductions from the general experience of mankind, in all nations, through successive ages. It

is therefore with singular pleasure, that I remark the argument from history, in favour of Poetry to be brief & conclusive.[13]

What is first worthy of our notice in this view of the subject, is the fact, that the genius of a people has usually been earliest developed in its Poetry. Poetry has not, like elegant artificial institutions, grown out of the luxury & wealth of national maturity; it has sprung up while manners were simple & republican, before population was yet dense enough, to engender those frightful moral disorders, which afflict a sick and superannuated kingdom. Many have been led to ascribe to Poetry the first civilization of the various tribes of men. This is the sentiment of Suetonius, who conceived that it was Poetry, which by its irrisistible [sic] attractions, first gathered the solitary savages into society and fellowship, subdued their fierce passions to a mild humanity, acquainted them with their own natures & disposed them to benevolence & justice. However this may be, it is certain that after civilization has advanced a very few feeble steps, Poetry has come in to her aid & accelerated her progress.[14] Wherever a national Poetry has appeared, whether developed in the Epopee, or in the less splendid form of ballads & romantic songs, its effect has been the same. It has unit[e]d & condensed the spirit of the people into a strong love of the "φιλην πατριδα γαιαν" their dear native land. It has implanted & cherished an enthusiastic attachment to liberty. In time of war it has made men brave by repeating the tale of their ancestors' exploits, & promising to embalm in immortal verse their own achievements. In time of peace, it has contributed to soften & mould the rude society into regular & noble forms. The fable of Amphion's moving the stones, & erecting the walls of Thebes at the sound of his lyre[15] has always been explained in conformity with historical truth, by supposing that he persuaded by his eloquent song, a wild & uncivilized people, to combine in the formation of social & humane institutions. And the Orpheus of whom Diodorus Siculus makes mention in the first book of his history, & Pausanias, throughout his description of Greece, was not only a Poet & musician, but eminent for the virtues & talents of a lawgiver.

No people can be so fully consolidated, nor so readily & kindly controlled by one common government, as that which has already been pervaded by one common sympathy. When a nation is young, it is necessary that some great interest should absorb individual & sectional differences, that some general discipline should educate to the same feelings and opinions, the recent community. This great interest, this general discipline has been furnished by a national Poetry. It was with a view to this advantage, that the Homeric Poems were collected & promulgated by Solon. That wise & liberal legislator perceived, that in these poems was contained a more perfect digest of universal law, a more lasting system of civil polity, than any which his enactments would be able to perpetuate. Moreover he saw the danger threatened to Greecian [sic] independence by the overwhelming power of Persia; and he found in these poems that strain of sentiment, which once infused into the hearts of his countrymen, would enable them to defy alike, Persian steele & gold. Lycurgus prevailed on Thales to go & settle at Sparta, because being a lyric Poet, "he did under colour of his art, perform things as surprising as the most excellent lawgivers; for his odes were so many persuasives to obedience & unanimity, as by means of melody & numbers, they had great grace & power, softened insensibly the manners of the audience, and drew them off from the animosities which then prevailed, & united them in zeal for excellence & virtue. So that he in some measure prepared the way for Lycurgus, toward the instruction of the Spartans."[16] Plato himself, although he forbad the fables of the Poets in his Republic, because he was anxious the youth should be educated in the tenets of a purer theology than that which was vulgarly credited among his countrymen, was by no means unwilling to admit the good influences of Poetry upon the character. He elsewhere observes, "Often the soul withdrawn from the influence of the Muses & the Graces, sinks into disorder, loses its moral harmony, & requires the aid of music, to attune its jarring strings." Indeed one book of his treatiss concerning laws, reputed his most perfect work is pretty much devoted to the consideration of the Poetry & music proper in the education of good citizens. "We will distinguish," he says, "between the good & the bad imitations of the passions of the soul; rejecting the latter, but singing to & enchanting the soul of youth with the former, & thus inciting them by imitations to the possession of virtue."[17]

Mahomet was himself a Poet, & was accustomed to have recourse to the Poet Lebeid, to promote his popularity by his verses, & answer the poetical satires which impeded his success.[18] Charlemag[n]e, Haroun Alraschid & Alfred, three princes whose similar fortune gave them the common aim of consolidating a new & infirm empire in their different places, afforded a powerful encouragement to popular Poetry. They collected with eagerness the metrical legends illustrating their chronicles & made it a matter of state policy to inspire the minds of their subjects with a respect & fondness for the national

Muse. It was a saying of a wise man, "Let who will make the laws of a nation, give me the making of their songs." Thus even in a secular capacity, we find Poetry the benefactress of mankind. We meet with her gentle offices, where we should least expect them, in the rude conventions of a semi-barbarous people, in the emergencies of war, & the councils of legislation. Her benign influences precede like a crepuscular light, the full morning of civilization.

But it is in the intimate connexion of Poetry with religion, that we discover most clearly what it has accomplished for the improvement of men's moral character. "Verum de Poeticâ adhuc levius omnino et humilius quam ejus dignitas postulat, existimabimus, nisi eo demum convertimus animos, unde ejus magnitudo maxime elucet; nisi eam in sacris versantem, et religioni ministrantem contemplemur. Hoc primum ei negotium datum est; hoc ita felicitur exequitur, ut in caeteris rebus, impositam quandam personam gerere videtur, hîc solummodo suam."[19] In the early ages we find Poetry & Religion almost identified. The oldest Poetry in the world, those venerable fragments, which in every nation show how their forefathers lisped in numbers, are all hymns or oracles, or pieces of didactic theology. As people after people waked from the long slumber of savage ignorance, exerting the first energies of new-born intelligence,

"Lowly they bowed adoring, & began
Their orisons;
for neither various style,
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker in fit strains."

It is in the ancient Poets we are to look for the peculiar creed of their countrymen. The Greek, Indian, & Teutonic religious faith was embodied in their early poems, & was thus communicated to a society but partially civilized in a mode best adapted to excite their interest & engage their affection. The last public act of Moses was, in compliance with the Divine injunction, to write a song, & "to speak it in the ears of all the congregation of Israel," which might remain with them to bear witness of the mighty works which had been wrought in their behalf.[20] We know that anciently the offices of Priest & Poet were united, & not only in Italy & Greece; but among the Britons the Druids were bards, & transmitted the solemn rites & mysteries of their religion in poetical composition to their posterity. But putting entirely out of view, the connexion of the religious faith of the ancients, with their poetry, we have still left for our consideration, its connexion with their religious worship. And it certainly is a remarkable fact, that whereas the sacred rites of different countries are in all other respects diversified, yet all agree in introducing poetry. Not only were hymns sung to the Jupiter, Apollo, & Ceres of the Greeks & Latins, to the Indra, Surya & Lachsmi of the Hindoos, & the Odin & Thor of the Scandinavians, but Christians also, observing the institution of their Saviour, sing psalms to the living God. Our devotions are kindled & elevated, by the same sublime strains of poetry, in which the inspired Hebrew bard adored Jehovah. No advancement in learning & art, no progressive improvement in society has dissolved this natural, eternal alliance between poetic & religious sentiment. In our systems of education, we have availed ourselves of this alliance. We impress moral truths upon the minds of children, by pleasant stories in verse, & simple sacred poetry. One can hardly doubt, that the little pathetic history of the "Children in the Wood" has been the source of more virtuous emotion in the successive myriads of children into whose hands it has passed, than many long lessons in the catechism or sermons from the pulpit. And is there nothing in those early religious associations, which come over the soul in after life, like the reminiscences of a more perfect & happy existence, when the hymns our infant tongues were taught to lisp return to the memory & sink into the heart. Is there nothing in all the fund of lovely & innocent recollections which these suggest, to refute the ungrateful assertion, that Poetry has no beneficial influence on men? Nor is this influence exerted only in childhood. A great deal of the religion of men of taste & letters, is imbibed, not from the bible, but from those volumes of didactic moral Poetry, which as scholars they must read, & with whose beauty they are charmed. They draw their morality, not from the New Testament, but from Milton, Pope, Cowper & Young: and though nothing can excuse or compensate their neglect of the Scriptures, yet even this partial substitute is invaluable. Those, however, who advocate the opinion, that poetry has been an injury to mankind, lay great stress upon the fact, that it has almost always shared the corruptions of a corrupt age; & that in general whatever have been the errors of a particular day & generation, the Poetry of that period is characterized by the same. There is a melancholy truth in this assertion. Poets are still men, & as men are actuated by social impulses. Whatever influence for good or for evil is exerted by men, will be modified by man's feelings & passions. Thus, religion entrusted to human ministry,

has undergone the changes, & been defiled with the pollutions, which belong to the weakness of human nature. Yet nobody is wild enough to conceive that men could have been happier & better without Christianity. The mistake made by those who found their objections to Poetry upon its imperfections & faults, is a mistake in logic. They invert the order of cause & effect. They attribute to Poetry as a cause, those vices into which Poetry itself fell, because they were already the vices of the community. I do not deny that such Poetry encouraged & diffused more widely, the loose morality to which it owed its origin--as the current of air fans the flame by which it is produced. But we are not on that account to transfer to Poetry the taint of original sin. Whenever it can be clearly shown that Poetry has taken the lead in undermining the principles and debauching the imaginations of men, when licentious Poets have let in corruption upon a temperate & righteous people, it will then be time enough to lament the malignant influence of poetic genius--a spark stolen from the fires of Heaven to blast & scorch the beauty of earth. We have as yet no need for such regret. On the contrary, to borrow the language of one, who discovers as much severe philosophy, as delicate fancy in his views, "Poetry & Music, like virtuous females in disguise, have followed our race into the darkest scenes to which the fall has brought them. We find them in the hands of dissipation & vice; in the song of revelry & lewdness. We meet them again kindling the fire of devotion at the altar of God, & find them more & more perfect as we approach their divine origin."[21] Even those who have shaken off the restraints of virtuous shame, who have done their part to make Poetry, what it is emphatically termed by one of the Fathers, the Devil's wine, that is, to impregnate with the salt of wit, the loathsome banquet of the sensualist, even they are frequently surprised into the praises of virtue, & holy sympathies with goodness & truth. The arch-hypocrite & libertine Voltaire, countenanced by all France in his libertinism & hypocrisy, wrote noble verses, & sometimes even appeared to be filled with noble sentiments. Byron, in his worst production, Don Juan, cannot always disguise beneath his affected ease & flippant profligacy, his weariness of sustaining an unnatural part, & his mournful recollections of lost innocence & degraded faculties. There are passages in that gay poem, which startle us like the supposed scream of one too proud to own the agony he suffers. And it is to be remembered, that while there is scarce an instance of an immoral Poet who has gone beyond the spirit of his times, there are many signal examples of those who have stood aloof from surrounding impurity,

"Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unbroken, unseduced, unterrified,"

and who have drowned, like Orpheus, the song of the Syrens, in the hymns they have chaunted to their God.

It has been shown, I trust, that History lends its full & all-sufficient authority to the conclusion, that the effect of Poetry upon morals has been eminently beneficial. But I confess I am weary arguing the matter thus coldly. The burden of proof gathered from history, triumphant as it is, seems to me meagre, when I compare it with that which the feelings of our own natures, rightly interpreted, furnish us. "I list not," says Sir Philip Sidney, "to defend Poesy with the help of the underling historiographer. Let it suffice to have shewed, it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon, & what dispraise may be set upon it, is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation." There is a higher conviction even than that produced by the irrisistible [sic] logic of facts. It is the spontaneous conviction which springs from principles belonging to every mind & which is independent of all outward testimony. To this I would appeal in evidence of the moral power & beauty of Poetry. Who has ever risen from the reading of Comus, or Thompson's hymn, or Cotter's Saturday Night, & wished a demonstration of the wholesome influences of Poetry? We should as soon ask proof of the salubrity of the air, or the brightness of the sun. Man is endowed not with reason alone, but with imagination & sentiment-- & poetry is the language in which one mind communicates to another the various affections of these faculties. It is in these faculties, then that we must look for the sources of Poetry, & though we should deny it all voice & utterance, it would still exist within the soul. Those, therefore, who slander Poetry, quarrel with the divine wisdom, which gave its laws to the human mind. And if we would thoroughly do away all poetry, we must not only destroy all poems, we must suspend the sympathies by which the human mind is made capable of enjoying the beauty of the material creation, of conceiving & adoring the glories of angelic natures, & the perfections of Deity.

Those who assert that the influence of Poetry has been evil, must be prepared to show proof of its malignant operation, in the friendly connexion & fellowship which it has established between the remotest tribes of civilized man--ministering the same aliment to the divine appetites of their intellectual natures, until like children nursed by one

[Continued on page 22.]

LECTURE ON SLAVERY (1835)*

By CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

Eleven out of twenty four States which compose the Union, viz Maryland, Virginia, N. & S. Carolina, Georgia Kentucky Tennessee, Louisiana Mississippi, Alabama & Missouri, are slave holding States. To these add the District of Columbia which is still governed by the laws of Maryland & Virginia which ceded that territory. Distributed through these states are two million ten thousand[1] persons, whom the Laws regard as Slaves. They are held as property by other men & women, who have the entire control of them, for life. These persons did not come into this bondage by way of punishment for any crimes against society. Most of them owe their slavery to the misfortune of being born of parents who had previously lost their liberty in like manner without any fault of their own. The rest were forcibly brought to this country on purpose to be subjected to this very servitude.

These persons are compelled to labor hard all their days; but the fruits of their labour go to those who are considered their owners & they themselves are prohibited by law from acquiring any property even with the consent of the master These persons may be whipped, maimed, imprisoned & treated with every species of indignity & violence at the will of their owners; & if they offer to resist they suffer death by the law.

It is not permitted them to exchange one master for another of a humane disposition; and if they happen to belong to a kind master, they are liable to be sold or mortgaged by him--& to be attached & sold on execution for his debts.

They cannot make a contract. Their marriages last only during the pleasure of the master; & families are dismembered with no more ceremony than we use in separating a herd of cattle. A Slave has no more legal authority over his child, than a cow over her calf.

A Slave cannot be a witness nor a party before a judicial tribunal against his master, no matter what abuse he may have received from him--and if he suffer injury from any one else, his master is entitled to sue & recover the damages to his own use.

It is a high penal offence to attempt to teach a slave to read or write or at all to enlighten his mind. Moral & religious instruction is laid under restraints which amount to a prohibition.

This Slavery is hereditary & perpetual. The law declares it to be forever--& masters are not suffered to emancipate their slaves I have no intention of inflicting on those whom I address the unnecessary torture of listening to the recital of facts such as, the commonest experience of those resident in the slave states will furnish showing what masters do & what slaves suffer. I dont doubt that it is proper occasionally to make distinct mention of these atrocities. They are the legitimate effects of the institution of Negro Slavery. But I trust they are not wanted here. I am sure you will not turn an ear so deaf to the appeal of reason & justice as to need to be startled from your apathy by the odious details of the slave-market or the whipping post.

Be it only remembered that if I forbear to hold up to sight the revolting picture, it is pure forbearance. The imagination of few men will suggest to them a more extensive system of cruelty & debauchery than society presents in the Slave states.

It would not be possible to lay before you within the compass of this single address, a digest of the laws in the different slave holding states, which bear upon this class of persons. In all of them these laws are very nearly alike; their character you can well enough judge from the statements already made. These laws are not a dead letter--found only on the pages of the Statute books, & suffered to sleep in practice:--they are a faithful transcript of the dealings with the slaves, & are fully sustained by public opinion.

At first one is incredulous. We hear these things, but it is as if we did not hear them. We think some deception must be practised on us--that something is kept back in the statement which would alter the complexion of the matter. We know the men against whom this enormity is charged; they are our fellow citizens, some of them our personal friends--they live in the same light, stand on the same parallel of civilization as ourselves. Are we to believe them guilty of practices but one remove from those of Cannibals? — And when a little further investigation has shown

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* MS Am 82.6 in the Houghton Library, Harvard University, edited here with the permission of Edward W. Forbes, Esq., President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association. For Charles's ardent support of Abolition, see Ralph L. Rusk, The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, N.Y., 1949, pages 227-228. This manuscript is dated "Concord Apr. 29. 1935."

us how it is--that one wrong opens the door to another that crime treads on the heels of crime, that men commit fresh injustice to defend against the dangers or to secure the fruits of the old, & that thus Slavery has made itself great & trampled more & more right under foot the subject absorbs us; The question takes possession of our minds, Why not put an end to this abomination? What hinders immediately to emancipate the slaves?

This is not a question recently started. Good men in different quarters of the world long since earnestly proposed it. It has from time to time received various answers some of more some of less reasonableness & weight. Our business is not with the past, but the present. And the answer now given by the Slaveholders, is in few words this-- "We should gladly be rid of our slaves, but we cannot, it would ruin us,--if we set them free our means of subsistence are gone;-- moreover we dare not; let them know their own strength, & give them the means of combining, they will rise in a mass to massacre the whites."

Let us consider a little of this answer; first to see what are the principles involved in it, & then to judge whether what is asserted is established by the evidence.

I cannot set my slaves free says the Planter because in that event I & my children shall be reduced to poverty. The free blacks will never work, & free white laborers are not to be had, & my estate must lie unimproved.

The abolitionist says, What of that. It is the plea of the thief, the defaulter, the felon; I cannot give up my ill-gotten treasure, because I shall be beggared. I will do justice so you will show me how to do it at no sacrificing of advantage. If not, I will keep what I have, I will do injustice.

This first objection then to emancipation, however strong its actual influence, may be dismissed at once in arguing the case on its real merits. Even if we admit that the fact would be as there stated, (which by the way never has been admitted) it cannot stand as a reason against abolition with any honest man. The whole force of the Slaveholder's apology resides in the farther position--that to emancipate his slaves would be to let loose so many wild beasts whose first use of liberty would be to tear him in pieces -- In other words, that the right of the masters to keep the blacks in slavery is the right of self defence. If this fact can be proved, the reason is unquestionably a good one.

Self defence is authorised by divine & human laws. It is to be remembered that the present slaveholders do not stand in the same relation to the blacks as the original kidnappers & purchasers. They, the primary offenders, were bound to have liberated their slaves to have restored the rights they have violently taken away, at whatever cost, were it the cost of their own lives. But guilt can no more descend from father to son than virtue. And the planters who inherited their slaves are responsible not for what their fathers did but only for themselves. They discover that they are in possession of what does not belong to them, it is their duty to make restoration--but as they had no part nor lot in the original wrong taking, they are not obliged to run extraordinary hazards in restoring the stolen property. They could not help receiving the slaves, & the fetters were already fastened on their limbs; they decline to knock off these fetters, out of the same fear that would deter us from unchaining a maniac or savage of whom we had unwillingly been made the keepers. If this fear can be shewn to be well founded, & the blacks would abuse their liberty to acts of violence against the whites, then the Masters are not culpable in withholding it. But observe the principle, & let it determine the limits within which the plea of the Slaveholders is good. The principle is strictly the right of self-defence; not of a calculation of pecuniary interest; not of a provision for the worldly advantage of the master at the expense of the slave. -- There is no such right.-- I may not keep back a jewel which was given to me but which turned out to have been stolen from my neighbour, because I have become fond of the ornament. I have no right to detain it a moment after it is in my power to return it to the owner.

The only tenable ground of the slave holder being thus narrowed down to this, that he is afraid of the violence of the blacks. In order to justify himself, in refusing to emancipate, two things are incumbent on him. First to produce evidence of the reasonableness of his fears, or in other language, to satisfy us that emancipation will be followed by fatal consequences--& secondly to embrace such measures as may safely be ventured on, preparatory to a full emancipation by & by. It is plain law & justice that he should be required to show cause why right should not be done, & this shown, to set about removing the obstacles in the way of right, with what speed he can. Let it be distinctly understood that the burden of proof & the obligation to active measures are both thrown upon the holders of slaves. But let it also be distinctly understood, that this rule has been waived in conducting the controversy between the abolitionists & the slaveholders, & the friends of

emancipation have undertaken to furnish evidence of its practicability & safety. They would feel a tenderness in calling upon their fellow citizens to make an experiment wholly untried, with the possibility of a highly disastrous issue,-- They have therefore been at the pains to collect & set before the public such proof as the case admits.[2] The question whether immediate emancipation is practicable, must be determined by looking to the actual condition of the slave, mental & physical, & to the circumstances in which emancipation would place him, & to what have been the results of emancipation in other countries.

First, what is the actual condition of the slave-- I believe that the first impressions made on those who go into a slave-state, are of surprise at finding the slaves so comfortable, so well contented, so nearly like the free laboring classes. It certainly was so with myself. We who consider the thing at a distance are liable to form a wrong notion. We suppose that the unnatural relation of master & slave, maintained by laws which outrage every principle of equity must be productive of unmixed evil. We think of the system as one of constant cruelty on the part of the master & constant hate on the part of the slave. We put ourselves with our present feeling in the place of the negroes, & we judge of the sharpness of their sense of oppression by ours. In this there is a mistake. We do not overestimate the mischiefs of slavery; they are more malignant than any man knows who has not painfully explored them, but we overlook an important element in human nature, that by which it accommodates itself to the worst condition in which it is placed. The slaves as a body are not ferocious or vindictive. Happily they are in a degree callous to wrongs that would else render life intolerable. They look neither before nor behind the present moment, & so their sufferings are like wounds incessantly inflicted but rapidly healed. They go with cheerful face about their tasks in the house or the field & manifest oftentimes a strong attachment to the person & concern for the interests of their master. Nothing, not even slavery, is able to transform man into beast. No; we see in the slaves fellow creatures defrauded of the privileges of men. We recognize the truth of what the first of Poets said, 'The day that makes a man a slave takes away half his worth,'[3] --but we see notwithstanding that the image of God in his human creature is ineffaceable--the slave is still open to the influence of kindness still capable of the religious sentiment, & never wholly loses sight of the distinction betwixt right & wrong. I think much of the fear of the violent consequences predicted as certain to follow emancipation, will be dismissed from the mind of an attentive observer who shall reside amongst slaves. They are in contact with civilization; they are acquainted with many of its arts,--their dispositions are domestic; their habits those of regular labour; multitudes of them hold employments of trust, & understand the relations & duties of civil society. Is it reasonable to suppose that the temper of these persons will become on a sudden changed to bloodthirsty & rapacious, when by the grant of freedom you shall multiply a thousandfold inducements to good conduct? Because now & then the goad has been driven so deep into the side of the slave as to sting him into insurrection-- Because in the savage heat of his passions, hunted down like a wild beast by the military force--sure of his doom--he has avenged himself in advance by butchery & rapine, is it anywise probable that this great mass of tame & affectionate servants, whom the severest injuries have not roused to opposition, will be wrought to uncontrollable fury by an act of justice & magnanimity. Is it not as if men should gather thorns & thistles of vines & figtrees?[4]

Next consider in what circumstances the negro would be placed by emancipation.-- It is very commonly urged that he would be unable to support himself by his labor, & that the several states would be burdened with the pauperism of the freed blacks. I am at a loss to know on what such a notion is founded. Pauperism is the effect of overpopulation aided by improper laws. Here there is no present danger of a population too numerous for the resources of the country, & against unwise laws the power of prevention lies with the citizens who are the lawmakers. The truth is Slave labor is a system of pauperism--as must be every system in which the support of the laborer does not depend on the work by him done; in which the rate of wages is not measured by the degrees of industry & skill. In every such system there is a bounty on laziness ignorance & fraud. The less the slave can contrive to do, the better his lot. Read the little work called Demarara,[5] (one of Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy) or read nothing besides the lessons of your own experience & common sense, & you will be satisfied that it is the greatest waste in the world for a man to own those who labor for him. He has to bear the charges of their infancy, sickness & old age, with no return--and while they are able-bodied, there is the whole expense of their maintenance, which is the more considerable since there is no inducement to frugality on their part but the contrary-- & meanwhile their services are far less valuable than those of the free laborer, for want of motives to

faithfulness & skill. The truth is if the planters could but be brought to see it they will be the richer for emancipation. Their land will not be emancipated -- There will be no abolition of the cotton tree, or the sugar cane, of rice or tobacco. The free blacks having the incitements & rewards of labor, that act with eternal force on human nature. Their labor will be more & better, & the different mode of payment of wages will be a gain to all parties. And while we are looking to the probable condition of the blacks after emancipation we are met with an objection which is urged with much vehemence by many persons as conclusive against the proposed measure. This is amalgamation-- The intermarriage of white with black & the consequent deterioration of the white race.

I know that any attempt to make light of this objection is sure to give offence to a large class even of those who desire & believe themselves to be free from vulgar prejudices. Instead therefore of denying the inferiority of the negro & the physical repugnance to a union of the two races let us admit it to be so. Then unless there is in emancipation virtue to accomplish miracles, to change the Ethiopian's skin[6] & elevate his flat skull & develop the intellectual organs, the inferiority of the negro, & the repugnance of the whites must continue unabated,--we may be safe as to any ascendancy of the blacks in affairs civil & commercial, & we may be assured that the races will remain as distinct as ever. But suppose, merely for argument's sake, that we may have been in an error in this matter-- Suppose that there is no antipathy between a white skin & a dark, & that the manifest inferiority of the negro is owing to the extreme & long continued disadvantage of his position-- Suppose that upon becoming free his nature should seem to have been changed --that his daughters should grow up beautiful & his sons intelligent that they should in process of time acquire wealth, & the influence & accomplishments that belong to wealth. Suppose that the strong attractions of mind, person, manners, fortune, should prove able to break through the barrier we now consider impregnable & that the descendants of the European should covet alliance with the descendants of the African. There is no harm in the supposition be the improbability of the thing what it may--the only question is if the fact should happen so to turn out, what mischief would follow? Would it not be matter of rejoicing with the men of that distant age, that we had laid the train for such an unexpected result? Would they not thank us for having albeit ignorantly, led the way to this philanthropic discovery, & been the means of rendering tardy justice to a large portion of the inhabitants of the globe? And in looking back to the state of opinion & feeling now prevalent in respect to the Negroes, they might set it side by side with perhaps the fact preserved in history, that the Romans in the time of Julius Caesar regarded the Britons as a race so hopelessly stupid, by nature inferior not merely to themselves but to other barbarians, that Atticus in a letter to his friend Cicero warns him not to purchase a Briton for a slave because he was not capable of being trained even to be a useful servant--the race from which after amalgamation with the barbarians of Germany & Gaul, sprang Shakspeare & Newton.

But grant that amalgamation is an evil to the whole extent to which it takes place--& that the violence which (according to the argument) is done to nature, though it may not prevent the union will yet be perceptible in the degeneracy of the offspring, it remains to be shown that this evil is avoided by refusing emancipation. Not at all. The evil is not in prospect. We have it in its most malignant form seated & rioting in the bowels of the country. The blacks are not to be brought here, here they are,--domesticated, native, multiplied & multiplying. The intercourse that now subsists between master & slave, whites & blacks is a thousandfold worse than legal marriage. This is not the time & place to present the facts on this point. Suffice it to say the whole country south of Mason's & Dixon's line is a Nursery of the mixed breed, & that the amalgamation of the two races is going on much more rapidly & with much more fatal influence on the character of the people, than would be possible in case of emancipation.

We have come then thus far. The master has only the right of self defence to oppose to immediate emancipation-- And judging from the present condition of the slave & from circumstances in which emancipation is likely to place him we see no ground for the apprehensions of the planters,--instead of threatening the worst evils emancipation seems to promise advantage to all parties.

We are not however obliged to leave the case here. As has been intimated we are in possession of the results of this very experiment of emancipation, in various quarters, to guide us in forming opinions as to what will be the consequences in this country. I cannot pretend of course to exhibit this evidence fully. A few leading facts may carry a degree of conviction, to the minds of those to whom I speak, sufficient to re-

move previous false impressions & put them on investigating for themselves. Be it borne in mind, investigation is all which the friends of emancipation ask; investigation they court; out of it will proceed that truth on whose omnipotent force they rely.

The history of St Domingo is the first witness whom we call. It is noticeable that owing to ignorance or misrepresentation the history of this island has often been quoted as showing the atrocities that must be expected to follow close upon abolition. How much truth there is in this view yourselves shall judge.

"In September 1793 Polverel one of the Commissioners sent to St. Domingo by the National Convention issued a Proclamation declaring the whole of the slaves in the island free. Col. Malenfant a slave-proprietor resident at the time in the island, thus describes the effects of this sudden measure. 'After this public act of emancipation the negroes remained quiet both in the South & in the West, & they continued to work upon all the plantations. There were estates which had neither owners nor managers resident upon them, yet upon these estates though abandoned the negroes continued their labors where there were any even inferiour agents to guide them, & on those estates where no white men were left to direct them they betook themselves to the planting of provisions; but upon all the plantations where the Whites resided, the blacks continued to labor as quietly as before.' Col. Malenfant says that when many of his neighbours, proprietors or managers, were in prison, the negroes of their plantations came to him to be directed in their work-- 'If you will take care not to talk to them of the restoration of slavery, but talk to them of freedom, you may with this word chain them down to their labor. How did Toussaint succeed? How did I succeed before his time, in the plain of the Cul-de-Sac on the plantation Gouraud during more than eight months after liberty had been granted to the Slaves? Let those who knew me at that time, let the blacks themselves be asked; they will all reply that not a single negro upon that plantation, consisting of more than 450 laborers, refused to work. And yet this plantation was thought to be under the worst discipline & the slaves the most idle of any in the plain'-- Such was the conduct of the negroes for the first nine months after their liberation or up to the middle of 1794. In the latter part of 1796 Malenfant says 'The colony was flourishing under Toussaint, the whites lived happily & in peace upon their estates, & the negroes continued to work for them.' General La Croix who published his Memoirs for a history of St. Domingo in 1819 says that in 1797 the most wonderful progress had been made in agriculture-- General Vincent, a general of a brigade of artillery in St. Domingo, & a proprietor of estates in the island was sent by Toussaint to Paris in 1801 to lay before the Directory the new constitution which had been agreed upon in St. Domingo. He arrived in France just at the moment of the Peace of Amiens, & found that Buonaparte was preparing an armament for the purpose of restoring slavery in St. Domingo. He remonstrated against the expedition; he stated that it was totally unnecessary & therefore criminal, for that everything was going on well in St Domingo. The proprietors were in peaceable possession of their estates; cultivation was making a rapid progress; the blacks were industrious & beyond example happy. He conjured him therefore not to reverse this beautiful state of things; but his efforts were ineffectual, & the expedition arrived upon the shores of St Domingo. After a bloody contest, the French were driven from the island. Till that time the planters had retained their property, & then it was, & not till then that they lost all. In 1804 Dessalines was proclaimed emperor; in process of time a great part of the black troops were disbanded, & returned to cultivation again. From that time to this there has been no want of subordination or industry among them--

There are numerous more recent accounts of the continued prosperity & good order of the Haytian empire.--

Cayenne & Guadaloupe were the only other French Colonies in which the slaves were emancipated. In Cayenne the sudden enfranchisement was attended with no ill consequences: after their emancipation the negroes in general continued voluntarily on the plantations of their former masters & no irregularities whatever were committed. (Voyage à la Guiane)

In Guadaloupe (where the disproportion of the blacks to the Whites was at least as great as in the British W. Indies) the conduct of the freed negroes was equally satisfactory. The good order & industry which prevailed there are proved by the official reports of Victor Hugues the governor of Guadaloupe to the French Government. In 1793 liberty was proclaimed to all the slaves in the island, & the communications from the Governors, & the reports of the French Commissioners to the island, equally attest the tranquil state of the plantations.--"

"A colony was planted at Sierra Leone on the Western Coast of Africa by the British, 1787 peopled with runaways from N A. Slaves during the war, with West Indian black regiments, with exiles from Jamaica, with blacks re-captured from Slave ships --many of them brought to Sierra Leone in the lowest state of debility & wretchedness. They were at once made free & put in possession of rights & privileges of British Subjects. Yet this mixed population an unpromising seed of a new State, have maintained civil order & live comfortably, many of them in affluence." There are now 20 000

"In consequence of the revolution in Columbia all the Slaves who joined the Columbian armies were declared free-- General Bolivar enfranchised his own Slaves to the amount of between 700 & 800 & many proprietors followed his example. At that time Columbia was overrun by hostile armies, & the masters were often obliged to abandon their proper-

ty. The black population including Indians amounted to 900 000 persons. Of these a large proportion was suddenly emancipated. & the rest 280 000 were to be free in the course of 18 years-- & this amidst frequent & tempting opportunities for insurrection-- What has been the effect? M. Ravenga declares that at no preceding period in the history of Columbia has there been known such a degree of docility on the part of the blacks, & security on the part of the whites."

"On the 15th September 1829 the Mexican Govt. emancipated all the Slaves in the empire-- It has never been said to have been attended with any disturbance of the public peace."

In Chili 10th Oct. 1811 Congress decreed every child born after that day should be free.

In Brazil there are 600 000 free blacks, mostly enfranchised slaves--persons of all occupations from that of laborers up to the Professions of Law Divinity & Medicine.

The experiment of emancipation in different forms has been tried repeatedly on private estates, & uniformly I believe with good success. La Fayette bought a plantation in French Guiana he gave the slaves so much time each week for their own-- When they could buy another day with the earnings of the first, this too was given, & so on till they were their own owners-- Before his plan had time to be fully executed, the Fr. Rev. emancipated all the slaves-- La Fayette's servants remained with him till they should indemnify him for his expenses & losses.

"About 1500 prize negroes i.e. found on board captured slave ships the majority of whom had been bound as apprentices for fourteen years, came into possession of their liberty at the Cape of Good Hope. It is said in the South African Commercial Advertiser of May. 10. 1826 'It has been remarked that many of these people who have made but little progress in the acquisition of industrious habits during their periods of servitude, have improved rapidly in this respect on obtaining their emancipation, & turned out not only more obedient but more profitable to their employers as servants than they had been to their masters as apprentices."

"Those who have tried the slave & the free labor system at the Cape," says Mr Wright, (who wrote Remarks on slavery at the Cape of Good Hope) "have assured me they find the latter far the cheapest, the least troublesome, & most agreeable system."

By returns from fourteen of the English Slave Colonies laid before the H. of C. in 1826 it was shown that the proportion of enfranchised negroes receiving any kind of aid as paupers in the West Indies is about one [in] 370--amongst the Whites about one in 40 --in Engld. generally one in 12 or 13.

A letter from H. G. Ward British Envoy to Mexico 1826 states his own observations upon an extensive district in which the cane & coffeetree were cultivated by free labor--& this more profitably than by slaves.

Extracts from Chas. Fleming's (Admiral on W. I. Station who had resided in Jamaica & visited Cuba, Hayti, & the Caraccas) evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons-- Q. Were you much struck with the increased knowledge of the slave population when you last saw them, compared with what you observed when amongst them on a former occasion? A. Yes very much, & I was confirmed by that in my opinion that they are not inferior to the White people in intellect. Q.- A. I am of opinion that the W. I. could be cultivated by free labor & I ground that opinion on my experience of what I have seen in Hayti, in the Caraccas, in Trinidad & Cuba, & upon the industry of the free negroes in the Bahamas.

In addition to this body of testimony which stands so far as I can learn uncontradicted, we are now able to bring the signal instance of the emancipation of the Slaves in the British W. Indies. When this measure was first proposed, it was met by the selfsame arguments now arrayed against abolition in the U. S. There was nothing omitted on the part of the merchants & planters that might raise alarm & turn aside the axe that was now laid to the root of this huge tree of evil.[7] It was represented there as here, that the blacks would be worse off when freed, that they would refuse to labor & their support must be a tax on the Whites-- then there as here self defence made slavery necessary, there would be an indiscriminate butchery in the outset & a long war of extermination must follow. Lastly there were the "vested rights" of the planters their property was about to be sacrificed.

This opposition to a righteous & politic measure was encountered with calmness & with the irresistible weapon of facts. Evidence like what we have just passed in review was collected from the colonies in both hemispheres, & piled upon the table of the Committees of Parliament. It was determined to emancipate the negroes & make a pecuniary compensation to the masters. On the 1st August 1834 Slavery was abolished throughout the British dominions. This act extended to about 800 000 slaves. Parliament made it optional with the colonies either to adopt immediate emancipation or a system of apprenticeship by which the Slaves should serve their masters six years longer without wages subject to punishment only from special

magistrates that they might become accustomed to liberty by degrees. Seven colonies, Antiqua, Bermudas, Virgin Isles, St Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, & Dominica chose immediate emancipation. In these colonies no discontents ever have arisen. In all the colonies the experiment has thus far proved successful. The former slaves have continued to labor & without contest except in a few instances in which the masters refused to give up the whip.

The Newspapers published in the islands, furnish accounts of the demeanour of the Blacks on the eventful first of August. That day which it had been predicted was to usher in plunder & massacre, saw the happy, orderly assemblages of negroes in gay clothes, thronging the churches & places of worship in the morning, & devoting the afternoon to innocent & decent rejoicing.

In Antiqua at Christmas it is usual to proclaim martial law through the holidays in order to suppress insurrections more speedily-- The last year, not only was this measure found unnecessary, but even the Militia were relieved from duty.

I notice with pleasure in recent reports of debates in the French Chamber of Deputies that the Measure is there brought forward of emancipation, & in a tone which seems to promise that it will be vigorously pressed. The example of the English colonies is appealed to as demonstrating its practicability.

I ought not to leave this part of my subject without mentioning that it is long since it was explicitly asserted in some of the publications of the Anti-Slavery Society & proof to the contrary challenged that in every instance in which immediate emancipation had been tried it had been found safe & beneficial to all parties.

But grant that immediate emancipation is not safe; that the results of the measure in other countries have not been faithfully represented & the concession is wholly gratuitous,--or that admitting accounts to be true the situation of the Slaves in the United States is different, & the difficulties in the way of abolition greater--what then? Is the question thus set at rest? If abolition be an evil, is slavery an advantage? If emancipation is dangerous is slavery safe?

In 1811, John Randolph, the warm apologist for slavery, in a speech made by him in Congress on a bill to increase the Army, on the subject of slavery, & the constant alarm in which the whites lived, used these words-- "The night-bell never tolls for fire in Richmond, that the mother does not hug her infant closer to her breast." Does it not behove those who stand upon the dangers of abolition, to furnish a better remedy, --to come out from their caves of evasion & denial, & contrive & act in their turn? Those who propose emancipation do it because using the light they have, they see in it the wisest expedient in a pressing emergency. They are not self willed in this cause; they are not bigoted to a favorite project-- It is not ascendancy of any policy of their own which they seek. God forbid they should throw a straw in the way of any sincere attempt to ameliorate the condition of the blacks. But is it too much to expect of their opponents that they shall undertake that of which they talk, 'amelioration,' & 'preparing the slaves for freedom'? The philanthropists who have given to this subject the most attentive consideration are persuaded of two things-- 1. that the larger part of those who talk of amelioration do not seriously intend it-- but would fling dust in the eyes of humane men, & indefinitely postpone all action on the subject of slavery-- 2. that those who really desire to be rid of the crime & mischief of slavery, & propose to approach abolition by gradual advances, will presently find this course impracticable, that nothing will prepare the slave for freedom, except freedom, & the only means of effecting anything to be a great & decisive movement.

Whether this be so or not, I think no just man will doubt the burden is on them who oppose immediate emancipation to bring forward their plan of progressive emancipation, & to set it afoot. Their fruits shall judge them.[8]

It is to be observed that the whole language of the slaveholders, & their actions which speak still plainer, declare their hostility to gradual emancipation-- Laws are passed that forbid individuals to emancipate-- The free blacks are stigmatized as a worse curse than the slaves, & are driven from the states, by inhuman & unconstitutional, laws-- We must then have immediate emancipation if emancipation at all. And certainly the difficulties in the way of gradual emancipation are great--two fold 1. The discontents begotten by the difference between slave & free, & the impossibility of giving a reason for the distinction 2 The habits of the masters, & the opposition that will be constantly made to the fulfilment of the plan.

I have forborne to say anything of the plan of the American Colonization Society. You may ask does not that Society propose means to rid the Country at once

of slavery & of the inconvenience of the black & coloured population.

The Colonization Society is composed of motley materials, & its members are activated by every variety of motives. But it is certain the Society can accomplish directly almost nothing for the Blacks in this country. It wants funds to transport them, & what is still more essential it wants their consent to be transported. It leaves untouched the question of Slavery. It is patronized by slave holders as tending to increase the demand & raise the price of slaves. It moreover encourages the prejudices against the Blacks which keep them out of their rights. The only service it can be expected to render is the establishment of a Colony which may by & by afford a home to those blacks who shall wish to emigrate, & it may prove the door by which Christianity & civilization shall enter the Continent of Africa.

Those who see in slavery the continuance of a crime--who believe emancipation to be the first duty of the slaveholders--who can find no apology for farther postponement of justice to the negro, nor discern any propriety in compelling him to leave the country which is as much native to him as to us, nor allow any right on our part to deprive him of instruction, & perpetuate his inferiority to the Whites--will withhold their patronage from a Society which gives its sanction to all these principles--

It was an officer of the Colonization Society in accordance with the opinions of that body, who took the lead in the opposition to the establishment of a school in New Haven, Connecticut, for the children of free coloured citizens; The persecution of Miss Crandall stands conspicuous amongst the mortifying evidences of narrow-mindedness & half understanding of Christian principles & free institutions that characterise us as a people.

Wilberforce among the last public acts of his life put his name at the head of the protest against the Colonization Society The objections enumerated were.

It takes its root from a cruel prejudice against the blacks & fosters the spirit of alienation & caste.

It exposes the colored people to great persecution in order to <u>compel</u> them to emigrate.

It diverts the minds of men from the consideration of the wrong & sin of slavery.

Within 5 years there have been imprisoned in the jail in Washington City 740 negroes--452 of the number for safe keeping until exportation into other states, & the remainder being taken up on suspicion of being fugitive slaves-- By the existing law, they are, if unclaimed, liable to be sold at auction in order to pay their jail fees-- a negro in D. C. about to be sent South to go on a plantation, seized an axe, laid his right hand on a block, & at a blow severed it from his arm.--

I am aware that he who advocates Anti-Slavery principles is pleading an unpopular cause. He is obliged to stop at every step of his argument to remove objections which it will not do to pass unnoticed but which those who urge them feel to be frivolous. Objections which are like the barricades that a flying army throws up to impede the march of the conquerors. Amongst these one of the most common is, that we at the North have no business with the question of Slavery. We have no right to interfere with the internal laws & social relations, of the Southern States. And therefore it is of no use to publish tracts, & make & hear speeches on the subject; because the opinions of men in this quarter are right and to act is not in their power.

It is very true that we cannot either in our own legislatures or through Congress, alter or repeal a single enactment of Virginia the Carolinas or any other State of the Union.

We cannot interfere to emancipate a single negro whom the laws of these states hold in slavery. Congress has the right & it is to be hoped will ere long acknowledge & discharge the duty of putting an end to slavery in the district of Columbia & in the territories west of the Mississippi. And this could be effected by the votes of the entire deputation from the free states. But though this be an object itself sufficiently important to call for the active cooperation of all just men, it is confessedly but part of what the friends of Emancipation in this quarter propose to accomplish.

They aim at the abolition of Slavery throughout the United States; and since they disclaim the use of any other means than simple argument the most they can look to do, is to agitate the question here where every body is of one mind.

Be it that we are all of one mind, alive to the continually new crime of keeping the blacks slaves, & anxious to behold things hastening to that issue--what does it become us to do? What should we do in

the case of any other evil which we saw nestling in the bosom of the people? be silent, tread softly, for fear of waking the sleepers round whom the snake had wound his coil? If an epidemic were ravaging that section of our country we should deem it but common humanity to furnish the sufferers with the results of our science & experience-- We should correspond with them, investigate for them. If a false philosophy or an absurd fanaticism were to grow up in the same region, carrying away a multitude of deceived proselytes, & threatening to loosen the moral bonds that hold society together, we should write preach & print in condemnation of the error. And what is to hinder us from so doing now that we see a portion of our country in the gripe of an evil greater than these?

It is a puerile answer to say that because there were slaves when the Constitution was framed we are bound forever to leave the subject untouched-- There were drunkards in every state of the Union at the same period, but we did not thereby covenant not to denounce Intemperance & fight against it with the artillery of the Press, & the force of voluntary associations.

The Constitution of the United States is not to us in place of Bible, or Code of Moral Law,--& the Sages who drafted that venerable instrument, & the people of the States who acceded to it, did not & could not thereby divest themselves of the right which belongs to every man to enlighten public opinion, & reason down ancient abuses. Else we were at a stand in this Country, & instead of 'forming a Union to establish justice, promote the general welfare, & secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves & our posterity' we have set our feet in the stocks & loaded Liberty with a chain heavier than that from which she was just set free.

Still the cry is, this subject is of a delicate nature,--not rashly to be meddled with-- You are tossing fire about in a magazine of powder. The effect of your doctrine & discussions is to excite the slaves, & for fear of this the masters pass laws more & more severe--& the condition of the negroes is the worse for all you do. Leave agitating the question, & presently the masters will themselves take it up--they feel the mischief of slavery more acutely than we can, & they only can be judges of the extent to which a remedy can be applied.

There would be some reasonableness in this language if it could stand the test of comparison with facts. How do we know that the Masters are desirous of being rid of Slavery? What acts on their part manifest such dispositions? Who has heard except in a few individual instances, any thing that sounded like confession, or renunciation, were it possible, of the Sin? Thomas Jefferson more than 60 years ago proposed in the legislative assembly of Virginia the abolition of slavery-- From that day to this what step of progress has been made-- Two entire ages or generations of men have been fulfilled since the beginning of our contest for political independence & their record is made up & has passed into history, & what amelioration of the condition of the negro, what preparation of the slaves for freedom, what lifting of the clouds, what sign of promise is discernible in the legislation of any state South of the Potowmac?

Meanwhile the prejudice against the free coloured citizens, & the oppression which debars them from the means of instruction gathers bitterness & strength. La Fayette expressed, during his last visit to this country his astonishment at finding how much the distinction had widened between whites & blacks-- he remembered, he said, that in the Revolutionary war, the white soldiers messed with the negroes at the same table, without a word of objection. And now it is death in Louisiana for the second offence of teaching a free coloured citizen to read or write.

And what is the state of feeling & the rule of conduct here, in N. England, in Massachusetts. I have gone, in considering the propriety of a public discussion of antislavery principles, on the supposition that here men had the right sentiment. But is it so? Is the negro suffered to sit in the house of God, to send his children to school, by the side of the white man? Can the negro woman get conveyance inside of the stage-coaches, be the weather never so inclement, & her necessities of travelling never so urgent? If the Saviour of mankind were again to appear on the earth, would it be less a stumbling block & rock of offence to us if he should sit at meat with the poor African, than it was to the proud Pharisee that Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria, or supped with publicans & sinners?

Of a truth we need Antislavery principles here at home. There is work to be done at our own door-- The mote if not the beam is in our own eye--[9]

And so long as we see anywhere, the colored man, bond or free oppressed from ignorance or injustice in his white fellow men, our duty is simple, & the path lies strait before us. We must endeavour

to know & to make known the truth. We are to meet the question, not evade it. Because our farms are not ploughed & sown by slaves because they do not work in our gardens & kitchens, we are no more to keep aloof from the discussion of the subject of slavery, than we are from Bible Societies because this Commonwealth may happen to be well-supplied with bibles, or from publicly expressing opinions in respect to English Politics, or the affairs of Continental Europe. We owe it to humanity to speak out when her laws are violated before our eyes. We owe it to our dear country to make an effort to expel this poison from her vitals. If our honest constitutional measures to extirpate this evil do for a while draw on ourselves causeless jealousy & censure, let these neither provoke nor intimidate us-- If our remonstrances are made an apology for adding to the burdens of the slave the sin is not ours-- There is a parallel case so long ago as when Moses besought the King of Egypt to emancipate the Hebrews.[10]

We expect misunderstandings & heart-burnings & selfish opposition & stormy controversy--just as the husbandman expects to see the heaven deformed with clouds & the earth soaked with rains, before his fields wave with the ripe harvest.

If any one of you shall be brought to the belief that here is a case of injury long continued to two millions of human beings on our own soil, I pray you not to let the feeling die out of your mind. Think what you can do to mitigate, to put an end to the evil. As you have opportunity utter your sincere opinions-- As you have opportunity practise upon your new convictions. Let the negro be an object henceforth not of scorn, but of attentive charity. Let him be dear to you even for his sufferings.

Letter from Hon. Wm. Jay

Bedford West Chester Co.
May 1. 1833.

Sir.

The duty & policy of immediate emancipation, although clear to us, are not so to multitudes of good people who abhor slavery & sincerely wish its removal. They take it for granted, no matter why or wherefore, that if the slaves were now liberated they would instantly cut the throats & fire the dwellings of their benefactors. Hence these good people look upon the advocates of emancipation as a set of dangerous fanatics who are jeoparding the peace of the Southern States & riveting the fetters of the slaves by the very attempt to break them. In their opinion the Slaves are not yet fit for freedom & therefore it is necessary to wait patiently till they are. Now unless these patient waiters can be brought over to our side, emancipation is hopeless; for first they form an immense majority of all among us who are hostile to Slavery; & secondly,--they are as conscientious in their opinions as we are in ours, & unless converted, will oppose & defeat all our efforts. But how are they to be converted? Only by the exhibition of Truth. Many a bad cause but I suspect no good one has triumphed through the agency of falsehood. The moral social & political evils of slavery are but imperfectly known & considered. These should be portrayed in strong but true colours & it would not be difficult to prove that however inconvenient & dangerous emancipation may be, the continuance of Slavery must be infinitely more inconvenient & dangerous. On this head statements of the future number of slaves, of their increasing intelligence & strength, of the probable influence of abolition in the West Indies & Brazil combined with the change of opinion on this subject throughout the world, would be useful.

An inquiry into the history of emancipation in South America & elsewhere would tend to show the safety with which it may be accomplished.

Constitutional restrictions independent of other considerations forbid all other than moral interference with slavery in the Southern States. But we have as good & perfect a right to exhort slave holders to liberate their slaves as we have to exhort them to practise any virtue or avoid any vice. Nay, we have not only the right, but, under certain circumstances, it may be our duty to give such advice & while we confine ourselves within the boundaries of right & duty, we may & ought to disregard the threats & denunciations by which we may be assailed.

The question of Slavery in the District of Columbia is totally distinct as far as we are concerned from that of Slavery in the Southern States.

As a member of Congress I should think myself no more authorized to legislate for the slaves of Virginia than for the serfs of Russia. But Congress have full authority to abolish Slavery in the district & I think it their duty to do so. The public need information respecting the abominations committed at Washington with the sanction of their representatives--abominations which will cease whenever those representatives please. If this subject is fully & ably pressed upon the attention of our electors, they may perhaps be induced to require pledges from candidates for Congress for their vote for the removal of this foul stain from our National Government.

For Success in this great cause we must look to the blessing of God; & to obtain his blessing we must use only such means as he approves. Of course every exaggeration, every deviation from truth,--all gratuitous & uncharitable crimination should be scrupulously avoided. Without resorting to friction we may have facts in abundance which will make the ears of all who hear them to tingle.[11]

x x x x

As to the Colonization Society it is neither a

wicked conspiracy on the one hand, nor a Panacea for slavery, on the other. Many wise & good men belong to it & believe in its efficacy. The Society may do good in Africa; & it will rescue many free negroes from oppression by removing them from the slave states. As to the voluntary manumissions which it prompts or facilitates, I much doubt whether they will sensibly lessen the number of slaves; nor is it clear to me that the extinction of slavery would be hastened by the immediate removal to Africa of one half of all the Slaves in the country; as the value of the remaining half would thus be greatly enhanced, & their owners would of course be less disposed to part with them, than they are now.

Your obedt. servt.

William Jay.

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1 [Margin reads:] perhaps 2,800 000 is nearer the truth now.
2 He quotes many . contemporary sources. It is highly probable that much, perhaps most, of his evidence was drawn from issues of The Liberator, which reprinted documents in every number.
3 See Homer's Odyssey, Bk. xvii, line 393. In Alexander Pope's translation it reads: "Whatever day / Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away." 4 See Matthew 7:16.
5 Harriet Martineau, Illustrations of Political Economy, (9 vols.), London, 1834. Vol. II includes: "Demerara," "Ella of Garveloch," "Weal and Woe in Garveloch." 6 Cf. Jeremiah 13:23: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"
7 Cf. Luke 3:9. 8 Cf. Matt. 7:16, 7:20; Luke 6:44. 9 Cf. Matt. 7:3-5; Luke 6:41-42.
10 See Exodus 5. 11 Cf. 1 Samuel 3:11; 2 Kings 21:12; Jeremiah 19:3.

[Continued from page 11.]

mother, their characters are refined & assimilated. They must be prepared to prove that Poetry has wrought mankind an injury, when it has checked the pride of Philosophy & Science—when it has shed over "cold material laws" a living warmth & beauty has given to the morning stars their jubilant song, to changing seasons, to streams & flowers their touching moral, to the whole creation its speech & language. They must be prepared to lavish abuse with unnatural ingratitude upon that which has afforded an elegant recreation & pastime to the powers of their minds; which has soothed their sorrow & relieved their weariness of spirit; which at one time, has stimulated their virtue, strengthening their soul to high actions & high passions, & at another "dissolved them into extasies" "And brought all Heaven before their eyes."

It were hardly too severe a retribution upon those who thus blaspheme the celestial name of Poetry to leave them to the poverty & nakedness of Reason; to shut out from their eyes, the roseate light with which Poetry has irradiated the fair face of Nature, to despoil their minds of all those bright images, holy thoughts & sweet entertainments to the fancy, which Poetry has furnished, & give them in exchange, a dirty Earth without, & the dark chambers of the understanding within. Religion would still remain to them, but robbed of her anointed priests, the prophets & bards of ancient Judah; denied the eloquence of sacred song, her voice of persuasion would sound feebly in their ears, & fall coldly upon their hearts. And not only would life be reft of its charms, but death of its consolations. They would go down to the grave unhonored & unsung, and no gentle Muse should

"Favour with lucky words their destined urn,
Nor bid fair peace be to their sable shroud."

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1 Vid. Addison's Examen of Chevy Chase. Spectator Vol. 1 N° 70.
2 Vid. Johnson's Life of Milton.
3 Aristotelis de Poet. Cap. IX.
4 De Augmentis Scientiarum. Lib. II. Cap. I [In most editions: Liber II, caput XIII].
5 History of Literature. Vol. II Chap. 12.
6 La Poésie est le langage naturel à tous les cultes. La Bible est pleine de poésie; Homère est plein de religion. La poésie est une possession momentariée de tout ce que notre âme souhaite. Tom. I. Chap. X.
7 Beattie's Essay on Poetry and Music. Part 1. Chap. 1.
8 Christian Examiner Vol. 3. No. 5. Review of Mrs. Hemans' Poems. [Andrews Norton].
9 Ibid. vol. 3. No. 1. Remarks on the character & writings of John Milton. [William Ellery Channing].
10 Vid. Johnson's Life of Dryden.
11 To instance in one out of many passages, he says in the Preface to his Tales from Chaucer, & his translations from Boccace & Ovid: "In these Poems I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness. At least I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience that I had taken the same care of all my former writings: for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful & pleasing, yet if they contain any thing which shocks religion or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, "Versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae."
12 Michaelis, Notae in Praelectiones Roberti Lowth.
13 Sir William Jones, whose learning & research are nearly unrivalled among scholars, makes this observation; "In describing what true Poetry

[Continued on page 30.]

SOME MEMORABILIA

OF FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

The importance of F. B. Sanborn to all editors of Thoreau manuscripts is becoming increasingly apparent as quantities of his literary collections and correspondence are belatedly reaching libraries, booksellers and private collectors. The American Antiquarian Society, in Worcester, and the Houghton Library, at Harvard, have each acquired one or more bushels of Sanborn typescripts, notes and documents--roughly catalogued in the former institution; still unprocessed in the latter. A sheaf of Sanborn's poetry is now in the hands of Warren Colson, Esq., of Proctorsville, Vermont. The Morgan Library, in New York, has recently accessioned a Sanborn diary, which I have been privileged to edit in a forthcoming work. Earlier in this issue, I have announced unpublished and partly published Thoreau poems known to have passed through Sanborn's hands. It is highly probable that we shall soon scrutinize all these papers for traces of manuscripts now missing. In this article, I shall attempt to supplement his Recollections of Seventy Years, (2 vols.), Boston, 1909, by publishing the various autobiographical sketches he prepared for his Harvard classmates, all having a particularity lacking in the more formal autobiography. The first is taken from the manuscript Class Book of Harvard's Class of 1855 (HUD.255.714F):[1]

CLASS BOOK SKETCH

I was born, Dec. 15th 1831, of a family which by the mother's side is Scotch, and am therefore in my 24th year. Twenty of those years, lacking a month or two, were spent on my father's farm in Hampton Falls, N. H. where I was born. Within that time I hardly ever went further from home than to the farthest market town, some ten miles off. A visit to Boston in 1843 and again in the spring of 1851 --a day's excursion to Portland--a fifteen hours' march behind a drove of cattle to Pittsfield, where my father's pasture was--and, most important of all, a journey on foot to the White Mountains in Sept. 1850,--this list includes all my foreign travels, so far as I recollect, up to the summer of 1852 when I entered college. Until I entered Exeter Academy in November 1851 my constant occupation was manual labor, either on my father's farm, or for the last year or two in the shop of my brother, who taught me Latin as a boy, and shoemaking as a youth. The proceeds of the first box of shoes which I made, (very poorly, I must confess) paid the frugal expenses of my pilgrimage to the White Hills.

I inherited a love of reading, and was counted an apt scholar at the district school, which I attended seven months of the year for seven years, and three months a year only for the next six years. I did not go at all after my 17th year commenced, nor did I enter any higher school until the fall of 1851 at Exeter. I read many books--all that I could come at. One of the first I ever read was Pilgrim's Progress, and I was familiar with Plutarch's Lives before I was eight years old.

There are other schools than these so named which help on a boy who loves books and delights in Nature. My daily work, at the plough, the hoe, the flail, and twenty times as many more farm tools which I will not stop to mention--strengthened my body, but it did as good a work for my mind. I rejoiced in the fourfold beauty of the seasons, and lived more than half my time in the open air. Even in winter I was "under the canopy" all the daylight hours sometimes for weeks together, and I cherish as one of my most beautiful recollections the moonsets and sunrises which I have seen on the Hampton meadows, "by the shore of the much resounding sea," where I helped cut the hay in summer which in winter I helped get home to the barn.

Somewhere between the ages of 11 and 14 I learned Latin of my brother, and I read some of the first books to teachers of the town school who knew more or less of the language. Greek I learned by myself so as to read it after a fashion, and the same with French and German--all before my 19th year.

Living so much at home as I did, with few companions and no intimate friends, I grew up, of course, exceedingly awkward and diffident. I remember--nor is it more than an Olympiad ago--when to be introduced to a young lady was more terrible than standing in the pillory would have been--and when I would as soon have stormed a Russian fort, as entered [sic] a room full of company. My life was solitary, and as I grew towards manhood became sad. One thing which saved me from morbid fancies, and perhaps from suicide was my delight in poetry. From my cradle I was an enthusiast for this divine love. I read and got by heart vast quantities of verse--much of it worthless, but some of the very noblest sort. In my seclusion I read Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats--and portions of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Thomson, Wordsworth and Pope. Parodying Sancho I say, "Blessed be he who first

invented poetry."

I could not give even a sketch of my life without speaking of that which has most influenced it, and which yet a strong feeling would keep me from publishing even here. But I am sure my classmates will read what I have now to write with something of my own feeling, and will respect what is to me most sacred.

In July 1850, while I was still a farmer on the ancestral acres, I first met Ariana Walker, then visiting a friend of hers and of mine in Hampton Falls. To those who knew her I need not speak of her singular beauty of spirit, which communicated an exquisite charm to her presence,--and my words would be nothing to those who never saw her. I found for the first time one who understood me, and with whom I could talk as easily and freely as with my own thoughts; and I found much more than this. That mysterious, sacred joy of love, which seems to youth, at least, the highest bliss of which a human soul is capable, opened to me at once my heart and the gates of life. I had been doubting what course to pursue;--whether I should enter college--whether I should look towards literature as a career--or which of the many ways before me I should take--was all unsettled in my mind. But from that hour my true life dates itself.

In accordance with a suggestion from her who has since been dearer to me than all else in the world, I determined to pursue my studies in a more regular manner. I read Greek for ten or eleven months with Mr Hoyt of Exeter, and afterwards entered the Academy as I have said. Here I studied seven months, intending at first to enter Freshman at Cambridge--but, by the advice of Mr Hoyt, whose friendship has been one of the many blessings of my life, I offered myself along with my classmates Bliss, Brown and Lyman for the Sophomore examination in 1852. My college history since then is known to those for whom I write this.

But my chief interests since I came to Cambridge have lain outside of college life. All this time has been full of events of the utmost consequence to me. On the 31st of August 1853 I was betrothed--on the 23rd of August 1854 I was married to Ariana Smith Walker, daughter of James Walker of Peterboro'--and on the first anniversary of our betrothal, after a marriage of eight days, my wife died. Just four months after, my father in law died of the same disease --consumption.

Short as this record seems on paper, it includes for me the most tender and sorrowful history of days which were as years in their consequences. Those who know me best can conjecture what such an experience has been to me, and will easily see how insignificent beside events like these, all college duties and honors and pleasures would seem to me.

Yet far from me be the affectation of contempt for Cambridge, and the ingratitude of indifference to the pleasures I have enjoyed here. I entered a class to which I was an entire stranger, and I have found in it many friends for life. My opinions have not been disguised, and they are at variance with those of a majority of my class. I am a Theist in religion, a Transcendentalist in philosophy, an Abolitionist in politics. In a word, I am an ultra reformer on almost all points. But I have found in Cambridge a generous toleration for my principles--nor have I the right, even if I had the wish to complain that I have suffered at all in consequence of them. I love my class, and I honor my Alma Mater.

I have anticipated my profession of teaching by taking a school in Concord before graduating. I shall leave college without the high hopes which are wont to inspire young men at such a time,--for, still young, I have lived to see my dearest hopes destroyed, never to bloom again on this side the grave. God knows how gladly I would go where the better part of my life has gone before me,--but He also gives me courage to remain in the field where my brethren are toiling. The scholar, like all men, must work for the world's good; and so in my own humble way shall I strive to do.

Frank. B. Sanborn
Cambridge May 5th 1855.

SANBORN IN 1865.[2]

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN. His residence since graduation, was constantly at Concord, Massachusetts, where he was engaged in teaching, until 14 February 1863, when he became publisher and Editor of the Commonwealth, which position he relinquished 2 October 1863, when he received the commission, from Governor Andrew, of Secretary of the Board of State Charities, which office he still holds. He was Secretary of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, with duties of a semi-public, and quite important character, and from 1859 to 1864, held the office of Secretary of the School Committee in Concord. A poem of his, was printed in November 1859, in a volume called "Fraternity Poems;" his "America" making about half the volume. In March, 1862, he published a pamphlet styled "Emancipation in the West Indies;" in 1865, a volume consisting chiefly of his "First Annual Report, as Secretary of the Board of State Charities," and in February, 1865, a "Special Report on Prisons, and Prison Discipline." Besides this, he has written extensively in the following Newspapers,—Boston Telegraph; Traveller; Pine and Palm; Commonwealth; Springfield Republican; and, more or less, in the Atlantic Monthly, and Religious Magazine. He is a member of the American Oriental Society.

He was married at Indiana-place chapel, Boston, 16 August 1862, to Louisa Augusta, daughter of Joseph M., and Eliza Leavitt, of Woburn, Massachusetts. His only son, Thomas Parker, was born 23 February, 1865.

"There are," he writes, "several events in my life since graduating, which are 'worthy of record,' because they have brought me in contact with the great political revolution which has taken place since 1855. I was actively engaged in the effort to make Kansas a free State in 1856–7–8, which finally succeeded in 1861. I was a friend and supporter of Captain John Brown in his expedition into Virginia in 1859, and became publicly known in that connection."

A warrant was issued at that time by the United States Senate to enforce obedience to a summons to attend before a committee which was investigating the John Brown raid, of which committee James M. Mason, late rebel commissioner to England, and Jefferson Davis were members. It was directed to the Sergeant-at-Arms, and was by him given to a deputy to be served. Under it an arrest was attempted on the night of 3 April, 1860, which was so vigorously resisted by our classmate, that time was gained the neighbors to assemble and rescue him; and for a writ of *habeas corpus* to be issued by Mr. Justice Hoar. When the writ was returned, the Supreme Judicial Court decided that the arrest was illegal, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms, whatever power he might himself have, could not so delegate it to a deputy, and Sanborn was therefore finally discharged. A full report of the proceeding is given in *Sanborn's case* (23 Law Reporter, 7—20, and 22 Law Reporter, 730—735). Of this occurrence he writes, "An attempt was made to drag me in irons from my house here to Washington. This was on the night of 3 April, 1860. On the next day, having been released from these wretches by my neighbors who acted under the laws of Massachusetts as a sheriff's *posse* to enforce a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by Judge Hoar, I appeared before the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth, and was declared at liberty to go where I pleased. I went home to my ordinary way of life, and was not further molested by Mason or Davis."

He was present at, and had a share in, the noted meeting in Tremont Temple, 3 December, 1860, where disturbance was made, and the Governor called upon to protect those who were engaged in the meeting. "In course of the same winter, I had occasion, several times, to go armed to various public meetings in Boston, to defend my friend Wendell Phillips from threatened violence; and I spent one night at his house in company with three other gentlemen, when that was threatened with an attack by night.

"This portion of my life I regard as the best spent. It was also the only hazardous portion of it, for I have taken no active part in the war which has just closed.

"In the year 1860, I acted as one of the executors of the will of the late Theodore Parker, with whom I had been for several years on very intimate terms of friendship. Indeed, my closest associations, since graduating, have been with the extreme anti-slavery party."

SANBORN IN 1880.[3]

FRANKLIN B. SANBORN cannot be with us at the dinner. He pledged himself to attend the Conference of Charities in Cleveland, O., on the same day, before he knew of the date of our meeting. In 1865, he was secretary of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, by the appointment of Governor Andrew. In October of that year, at a meeting over which Governor Andrew presided, he assisted in organizing the American Social Science Association, of which he was one of the secretaries, until 1868; and has been, since 1873, the sole chief secretary. He has played an important part in the maintenance of that important organization. In 1874, he called together the first Conference of Charities, and has had much to do with establishing this institution on a sound basis. He has written several of its publications, and gives its history in two reports in the social economy department. In 1866 and 1867, Sanborn called the meeting out of which grew the Massachusetts Infant Asylum, which our classmate, Theodore Lyman, some years later, so generously endowed. This is one of the most successful institutions in existence for the preservation of infant life, where the father and mother have deserted their offspring. Sanborn was one of its first directors, and largely concerned in its active management, until he removed to Springfield in 1868. In 1866 and 1867, Sanborn helped to found the Clarke Institution for Deaf-Mutes, which first made successful the teaching of articulation to deaf children in New England. Sanborn has been for two years

president of this institution, and has seen it grow from a school of ten or twelve to a school of eighty, with a national reputation. In these works, and almost all of his charitable enterprises, he labored with his old friend, Dr. Samuel G. Howe. He succeeded Dr. Howe, in 1870, as chairman of the Board of State Charities in Massachusetts; and in that position, made, in 1875, a searching investigation into the abuses of the Tewksbury Almshouse. Dr. Howe died while this investigation was pending; but after his death Sanborn succeeded in pressing through his project, and caused the establishment to be reconstructed medically and morally, to the great comfort of many hundreds of poor people. In 1877, Sanborn was engaged in the investigation then made of the Danvers Hospital and the Westboro' Reform School, and effected important reforms in them both. In 1878 and 1879, in co-operation with Gov. Talbot and others, he reorganized the whole system of Massachusetts State charities, with special reference to the care of children and insane persons; and, in July, 1879, became Inspector of Charities under the new board, then established by the State of Massachusetts. Since that time he has been devoting himself particularly to the administration of our lunacy system, which has grown into very great importance. He visits Cleveland at this time, especially with a view to present that matter to the National Conference, and to bring about the concert of national action. He has steadily endeavored to reform the discipline of our American prisons. In company with the late Dr. Wines, he wrote a general report on that subject for the International Congress held at London in 1872, and in Stockholm in 1878, though he was unable personally to attend at either place. His essays on the prison question would make a volume of considerable size, while his other writings — literary, philanthropic, and statistical — would, if brought together, make over half a dozen volumes. In 1868, he was one of the editors of the Springfield *Republican*, and as a journalist, has written on almost every considerable literary, historical, philosophical, and political topic. He has been a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic* and *Scribner's* monthlies, the *Nation*, the *Commonwealth*, the *Independent*, the Boston *Herald*, and other newspapers. For five or six years past, he has been occupied in writing the life, and compiling letters of John Brown, of Kansas and Harper's Ferry, and expects to publish the book in 1881. In concert with Mr. Alcott, Prof. Harris, and others, he has helped to establish the Concord Sumner School of Philosophy, which is now in its second year. Sanborn is the secretary, and one of the lecturers. This undertaking promises to become a permanent institution. In February, 1865, Sanborn's first son was born. He is now a student at Phillips', Exeter, Academy, where his father was fitted for college. His second son, Victor Channing, was born April 24, 1867, and is now in the Concord High School. His third and youngest son, F. B. Sanborn, Jr., was born Feb. 5, 1871.

Sanborn lived in Springfield for four years, from 1868 to 1872. Since leaving Springfield he has resided at Concord, where he has built a charming house on Concord River, and named it "Ariana." He takes possession of it on his return from Cleveland. His office in Boston is at the State House.

PAPERS CONCERNING SANBORN IN THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES.

Corporation Papers (UA.I.5.130): 1855 (not dated), signed petition for the return of two classmates that had been suspended Mar. 19.--Letter to Dr. Walker requesting leave of absence to teach school.--Mention of spring exhibition and his degree.--Nov. 19, 1856. Letter to Dr. Walker regarding studies and certificate for J. J. Higginson.--Feb. 27, 1857. Letter to Dr. Walker about Aron Estey Fisher, urging the restoration of Fisher to his class.--Mar. 1, 1857: letter from A. E. Fisher to Dr. Walker.--Mar. 22, 1866: Sanborn mentioned in the Transactions of the American Social Science Association.

Faculty Records, XIV: Admitted to Sophomore Class on probation, 168; awarded as Detur a copy of Longfellow's Poems, 291; publicly admonished for being in the College Yard at midnight on New Year's Eve and causing a disturbance, 303; assigned part in exhibition, 320, 401; granted leave of absence to keep school, 400; resigned

the Abbot scholarship, 409; assigned part at Commencement, 427; recommended to the Corporation for a degree, 438.

College Papers (2nd Series), XIX: Voted loan by Trustees of the Loan Fund, Dec., 1852, 203. Signed petition of the Sophomore Class that French be an elective study in the Junior and Senior years, 419. Vol. XX: Letter of Jan. 4, 1853, to Dr. Walker about his conduct, 293-294. Mentioned in Report No. 14 of the Trustees of the Loan Fund, Jan. 28, 1854, 317. Vol. XXI: Signed petition about negligence in care of rooms, 110. Letter of Sept. 7, 1854, about his marriage, the death of his wife, and his return to college, 286; letter to Dr. Walker, Sept. 18, 1854, about his return to college, 310. Vol. XXII: Letter of Mar. 25, 1855, to Dr. Walker, giving up the Abbot Scholarship, 87; mentioned in a letter of W. G. Stearns of June 23, 1855, regarding the Abbot Scholarship, 224. Voted A.B. degree, July 18, 1855, 252. Vol. XXIII: Letter to Dr. Walker, Apr. 21, 1856, applying for privilege of taking books from the college library, 152. Vol. XXVIII: Sanborn mentioned, 362. Letter to the President, Dec. 31, 1861, regarding the conduct of Clark, Cromwell and Allyn, 403-404. Mentioned in letter of Rebecca P. Allyn of Dec. 27, 1861, 417.

Overseers Records, Vol. X: Sanborn on Committee, 201, 247. Vol. XI: On Committee, 127, 163, 380, 419.

Sibley's Private Journal: Sanborn's wife mentioned, 350; avoids arrest, 529-530; mentioned, 935; seeks information regarding the Emersons, 1065.

HUC 6854.44: Commencement Part, July 10, 1855.

HUG 1680.145: "From the Springfield Republican, Oct. 11" from Benjamin Peirce. A Memorial Collection, Cambridge, 1881, pp. 25ff.

HUG 1680.145: "From the Journal of Social Science, No. XII" from Benjamin Peirce. A Memorial Collection, Cambridge, 1881, pp. 35ff.

HUG 1511.79: "President Langdon. A Biographical Tribute, July, 1904" (Rptd. from the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society 2nd ed., Feb., 1904.)

HUC 6854.32: "The 'Thoughts' of Pascal." Exhibition Part, May 1, 1855.

HUC 6853.43: "Ulysses and Nausicaa. Translated from the Odyssey, Book VI, v. 141ff. Exhibition Part, May 2, 1854.

The following report--a typescript--was sent by Sanborn to the Class Secretary in April, 1905 (HUD 255.505.Box 5):

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF F. B. SANBORN

For the Class of 1855

In looking back over a long life for purposes of autobiography, I feel like poor Richard II. (Not Franklin's Poor Richard, which the French translated Le Bonhomme Richard, but Shakespeare's captive).

Must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies?

For in every life, at the age of 73, much that seemed wisdom at the time is set down by the older if not wiser man as folly or mistake. Yet, on the whole, I cannot accuse myself of any follies that have seriously injured others, and I will gently hush up those which did harm to myself. The dates and events of my life up to 1875, I may suppose to be known to such of the Class as care to know them. I was then, as I had been for a dozen years, in the service of the State of Massachusetts, and just then Chairman of the Old Board of State Charities, which I joined with the majority of my colleagues, Dr S. G. Howe, Edward Earle, Dr. Nathan Allen, C. F. Donnelly, etc.--now, I think, all dead except Mr. Charles F. Donnelly, in recommending to be abolished, and a new Board created, with fuller powers and wider duties. The next year, 1876, I conducted as Chairman a long inquiry before a legislative committee into the mismanagement of the State Almshouse at Tewksbury, which exposed serious evils and partly caused their correction. Unwilling to serve with a board of Inspectors of that Almshouse which had shown itself part of the thing to be reformed, I declined in September, 1876, a reappointment on the State Board, and remained out of State employment until, in the much-needed reorganization of the State Charities under my good friend, Governor Thomas Talbot in 1879 (in which I assisted) I was appointed Inspector of Charities under the new Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity in June 1879, and served in that office,--practically as Deputy Lunacy Commissioner,--for more than nine years, or until November 1, 1888.

Less than four years after this appointment, the election of Gen. Butler as Governor brought upon the new Board much added labor, and, for what seemed to the Board a good reason,--really to keep the action of the Board and its records from being carried secretly to the hostile and angry Governor,--I was made temporary Secretary of its sessions. Before getting into a passion with me because I declined his unauthorized nomination of me as Superintendent

of the State Almshouse, (to which he had not the right of appointment) Gov. Butler had publicly declared that I was "the only person who had done his duty at Tewksbury,"--intending that falsehood as a compliment. It was true that I had done my duty there,--a very disagreeable one,--but so had others, to whom I directed His Excellency's attention. He had previously turned the management of the great Almshouse over to the Board of which I was an officer; so that, in fact, I performed some of the duties of Superintendent, without holding the office, which soon passed to a most competent medical man, Dr. Irving Fisher, now of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. At my suggestion, years afterwards, he withheld his resignation in a critical period, and continued to stay there until he had thoroughly reorganized the establishment, with my cooperation and that of other officials.

In the meantime, during the years 1879-1888, I had joined with Alcott, Emerson, the late Mrs. Cheney, Dr. Harris, now Education Commissioner at Washington, and other learned men, in organizing at Concord a Summer School of Philosophy and Literature, and was its Secretary and Treasurer for ten years. I was also for more than that length of time,--in fact for twenty years, Secretary of the American Social Science Association, of which I was one of the active founders in 1865, and am now its Honorary President. In 1885 I began courses of Social Science lectures at Cornell University, under its first President, Dr. White, and held that post four years, until the end of the College year 1888. This brought me in as a witness, in one of the most peculiar murder trials of the last century (that of Richard Barber, an excellent young Englishman, who had unfortunately inherited epilepsy of the homicidal kind, which I detected, communicated to his attorney, and, after a long series of proceedings, was the means of saving him from the gallows, and placing him under kindly restraint at Auburn, N. Y. in 1889. I afterwards visited him there, and found him sane and happy, in good employment, where I suppose he still is.

I had called together in 1874, while temporarily Secretary of the old Board of Charities, the first National Conference of Charities in the city of New York, and was its President in 1880 and 1881. It has grown to be a powerful and permanent organization, and I have been one of its officers for the past 31 years. My literary labors have been considerable since 1875. I began as an author in a small way in 1858, but published no book of consequence, except official Reports (some 25 or 30,) until 1882, when, at the invitation of the late Charles Dudley Warner, I wrote a Life of Henry Thoreau (H.U. 1837). The annexed list of my books will show what has been published since, and I have one or two books in preparation.

BIOGRAPHIES BY F. B. SANBORN,

OF CONCORD, MASS.

In order of their date of publication.

Henry David Thoreau. In the Series of "American Men of Letters." pp. viii, 317. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

Life and Letters of John Brown, of Kansas and Virginia. pp. viii, 645. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1885.

New Connecticut. An Autobiographical Poem by A. Bronson Alcott. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. pp. xxvi, 247. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1887.

Life of Dr. S. G. Howe. In the Series of "American Reformers" pp. viii, 370. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891.

A. Bronson Alcott, his Life and Philosophy. By F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris. pp. vii, 679 (up to p. 543 by F. B. Sanborn). Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1893.

Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by F. B. Sanborn. (A New Biography.) pp. xii, 483 Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

Memoirs of Pliny Earle, M. D. With Selections from his Diaries, Letters, and Professional Writings. pp. xvi, 409. Boston: Damrell & Upham 1898.

Emerson. Cambridge: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900

The Personality of Thoreau. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed. 1901.

The Personality of Emerson. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed. 1903.

President Langdon. A Biographical Tribute. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed. 1904.

In addition to the above works Mr. Sanborn has edited:—

Prayers by Theodore Parker. A New Edition, with a Preface by Louisa M. Alcott and a Memoir by F. B. Sanborn pp. xxi, 200. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1882.

Sonnets and Canzonets. By A. Bronson Alcott. With an Introduction by F. B. Sanborn pp. iv, 151. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1882.

The Genius and Character of Emerson. Lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy. pp. xxii, 447. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

The Life and Genius of Goethe. Lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy. pp. xxv, 454. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. (Out of print.)

Poems of Nature. Selected and Edited by Henry S. Salt and F. B. Sanborn. pp. xix, 122. London: John Lane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895

Poems of Sixty-five Years. By Ellery Channing. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed. 1902

The Service. By H. D. Thoreau. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed. 1902

Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist. By W. E. Channing. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed. 1903.

History of New Hampshire, By F. B. Sanborn Boston, Houghton & Mifflin, 1904

The oldest of my three sons died, under painful circumstances, in the early spring of 1889. He was a poet of promise, and I hope to publish some of his verses with a few of mine in a volume before I depart. In the year following his death, I went to Europe for the first time, and then spent a week or two with our classmate Morton at Morges. Again, in 1892-93, I was with him for two or three weeks, and might have much to say of him. On both my tours I visited Greece, and in 1893 was more than four months in that beautiful and pathetic land of the poets and philosophers. I made a special study of the Greek Revolution, in which my friend Dr. Howe was so active, and formed pleasant relations with many of the Greeks. At present I am aiding his daughter, Mrs. Richards of Gardiner, Maine, to bring her father's Greek Journals

and letters before the public. I visited many insane asylums in Europe, as a preparation for writing the Life of my good friend Dr. Pliny Earle, in which our classmate Chase cooperated. My interest in the subject of Insanity has survived my dismissal from the State service in 1888, for protecting the most helpless of them from hardships which ignorance and envy occasioned; and I have lived to see the measures for which I was then censured, become the established policy of Massachusetts and of several European countries. My relations with the experts in insanity, in this country and abroad, have remained cordial; and I was honored, along with our classmate Paine, with the appointment of honorary vice-president of the International Congress at Edinburgh in June 1905. I have also continued a member of the National Prison Association, of which, I believe, my friend Brockway and myself are now the only survivors of the original charter members. In that capacity I aided its reorganization in 1882.

For five or six years I have been withdrawing from those organizations with which I was once connected, or they have ceased to exist; but in the meantime others have invited me to membership--the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Hellenic Society of England, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the New Hampshire and the Kansas Historical Societies. The Bird Club, in which I succeeded F. W. Bird as President, closed its sessions four years ago, subject to the call of the President; of the National Prison Association I am now but a nominal member, and the same is true of the Boston Round Table, founded more than a quarter-century ago as a Social Science Club, and still in active existence, though most of its original members are deceased, or removed from the State. I and still, however one of the twelve Managers of the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, which I helped to set on its feet, after it had been endowed by its Founder, the late John Clarke, and which is one of the best schools of its class in the world; and I am a member of the two Corporations for the care of the Feebleminded and for the education of the Blind in Massachusetts,--excellent institutions, of which the late Dr. Howe was the effective Founder, and one of which has been greatly enlarged and improved by Dr. Howe's son-in-law, Michael Anagnos, who has been its head for almost 30 years. At my recommendation as Inspector of Charities, in 1880 or a little later, Anne Sullivan, who has gained celebrity as the instructor of Helen Keller, was transferred from the Tewksbury State Almshouse to the Perkins School at South Boston, where she graduated after being taught there for six years by Mr. Anagnos and his corps of instructors. She was selected by him as the special teacher of Helen, and given that particular training by him which has fitted her for that task, now so well accomplished. I have been for two or three years one of the Greek Committee of Brown University, and was recently chosen President of the Emerson Society of Boston, which was established three years ago, for the consideration and interpretation of Emerson's writings. These are new duties which I could not well avoid. Beginning in September 1901, I was the host and housemate of my intimate friend for nearly half a century, Ellery Channing, the poet, and the near friend and comrade of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Alcott, and the brother-in-law of Margaret Fuller. He died in my house in Concord, December 23, 1901, leaving me his considerable library and all his remaining manuscripts. As the executor of Theodore Parker, and one of the heirs of his widow, I own most of the manuscript treasures of Parker, and have begun to distribute them among libraries in different parts of the country. I also own some of the Thoreau MSS. which are getting distributed by sale in other parts of the country, and a few of the MSS. of Emerson and Margaret Fuller, and John Brown. These I am anxious to place in the best condition for either publication or safekeeping in the next few years.

In connection with Mr. W. L. Garrison, and by the pecuniary aid of the late J. M. Forbes, Mrs. Waldo Emerson, and their families, the daughter of Gerrit Smith, and other generous persons, I have cared for the children and grandchildren of John Brown, and for his widow, so long as she lived. The late M. P. Kennard, a trustee of the donations of the Greek abolitionist, Photius Fisk, contributed at different times to this good work; and I was able, by a fortunate call at the Pension Bureau in Washington, three or four years ago, to obtain for the widow of John Brown Jr. (a captain in the Union army) a considerable increase of her small pension, by which her later years are made comfortable. I should not mention these things, were it not that they have made a good part of my occupations, since I withdrew from more active pursuits.

I have two surviving sons, one of them married and in business at Chicago, with two daughters; the other unmarried and in business in New York. Of my own family and name, besides three nieces, only one sister and an aged cousin survive; on my mother's side, numerous cousins, in different regions of the country. My son Victor is rather an active author, but in the historic-genealogical line,--publishing occasionally in America and

England, and the compiler of a valuable "Sanborn Genealogy." But enough of these cold facts. Horace wisely says,-

Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae
Grandinis misit Pater et rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit Urbem.
Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Saeculum Pyrrhae.

Amen!

F. B. Sanborn

[Continued from page 22:]

ought to be, according to our principles, we have described what it really was, among the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Persians." Essay on the Imitative Arts.

14 "Les Premiêre histoires, les premiêres harangues, les premiêres lois, furent en vers: la poésie fut trouvée avant la prose."--Rousseau Essai Sur l'Origine des langues. Chap. 12

15 Hor. De Ar. Poet. 334.

16 Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.

17 De Legibus Lib. VII.

18 Sir William Jones--Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.

19 Lowth de sacrâ Poesi Hebraeorum. Prael. I pa 20 Oxon MDCCLXIII.

20 Deuteronomy Chap. 31 ver. 30.

21 Sampson Reed--Observations on the Growth of the Mind.

GEOLOGICAL SPECULATION AT EMERSON'S HARVARD IN 1825

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

A committee of the University Overseers as late as Thoreau's Senior year (1837) lamented that Harvard was far behind most European and many American universities in the study of geology and astronomy, urging immediate development of both areas.[1] Though laboratory study at Cambridge--except in chemistry and physics--was almost non-existent in this early period and the college library was by no means up to date, two of the Bowdoin Prize Dissertations of the period tell us much of available resources and exonerate the University from charges of complete neglect. The fact that the faculty in 1825 designated geology as the subject for student exploration and gave prizes to a Junior and a Senior who had chosen it is worthy of note. Before editing the two winning papers, I give here the announcement of awards released on July 16, 1825, and published four days later in the Columbian Centinel:[2]

> The following is the assignment of the Bowdoin Prizes at Harvard University:—
>
> To SETH AMES, of Dedham, member of the senior class, a first prize, for a dissertation on "The Political Institutions of the United States compared with those of the Ancient Republics."
>
> To TIMOTHY WALKER, of Wilmington, member of the junior class, a first prize for a dissertation on the same subject.
>
> To FREDERICK WILDER, of Lancaster, member of the senior class, a second prize for a dissertation on "The conclusions drawn from geological systems relative to the Earth's antiquity."
>
> To HENRY B. GOODWIN, of Plymouth, member of the junior class, a second prize for a dissertation on the same subject.
>
> Cambridge July 16, 1825.

First to be edited below is the paper of Emerson's friend, Hersey Bradford Goodwin, a Junior at Harvard, who two years later was to join Emerson at the Divinity School.[3] The second, anonymous and incomplete, is most probably that of the Senior prize-winner, Frederick Wilder.[4]

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1 See the Emerson Society Quarterly, No. 15 (II Quarter 1959), page 11.

2 Columbian Centinel, Boston, July 20, 1825, page 2, column 4.

3 In the Harvard University Archives (HU 89.165.57), edited here with permission of Clifford K. Shipton, Esq., curator. See my "Emerson's Ideal Clergyman—Hersey Bradford Goodwin," Emerson Society Quarterly, No. 12 (III Quarter 1958), pages 39-44.

4 HU 89.165.58. Edited here with permission. For traditional approaches to Emerson and science, see F. I. Carpenter, Emerson Handbook, N.Y., [1953], pages 178-186 and index.

THE CONCLUSIONS DRAWN FROM GEOLOGICAL SYSTEMS RELATIVE TO THE EARTH'S ANTIQUITY

By Hersey Bradford Goodwin

In point of interest, the science of Geology can be compared with Civil and Political history. If it be a pleasant task to mark the decline and fall of an empire, or to trace out the vestige of a nation almost forgotten, if the story of an individual people, or the revolutions of an individual age be deemed sufficient to excite our interest, the ancient history of the globe we inhabit--a history going back to its original formation and embracing the various changes which it has undergone, and the several states in which it has existed, cannot be considered altogether wanting in point of interest.

The traveller of modern times visits the long buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and his mind is filled with all that enthusiasm which Antiquity naturally inspires; he wanders over the ruins of Italy and Greece; and he thinks of the ancient glory of Athens, and Rome, or the wars which have deluged them in blood. The student of Nature on the other hand troubles not himself with these contests of human passion. He cares but little about the strife for dominion. The noise of the battle and the sight of garments rolled in blood afford him but little pleasure. His interest is laid deeper in the revolutions of Nature--in the wars of the elements. He goes out among the Rocks; he reads a history on the sides of the mountains, he finds annals beneath the beds of rivers; and he spends years of pleasure in collecting and arranging them. Besides he is not limited to one age, or to one country. Years roll and time has its accidents, when we cannot perceive that the state of the earth has undergone any material alteration. He must, therefore, go beyond the limits of all other history sacred or profane, and his subject is connected with a series of events that have preceeded the existence of the human race. The nature of the subject then and the time it necessarily comprises, is enough to engage our attention to this investigation. But however interesting it may be, I come to it with feelings of no little diffidence, when I think of the small progress which has yet been made in the Science, and the difficulty which Geologists thus far have met with at almost every step.

Geology is yet in its infancy. The new method of philosophizing has not been applied to it but a few years, and consequently this alone has appeared almost stationary, while every other science has been fast throwing off the gloom of the middle ages. It has consisted of a mere mixture of idle speculations, and ill-founded hypotheses. And when we look back on the systems and theories which human ingenuity has framed we find that these are the dark clouds which have so long concealed the truth, and which the eagle-eye of Philosophy could hardly penetrate. These long established Theories have been the principal obstacles to the progress of the Science; they were mere conjectures, formed without thought and admitted without examination. A great deal therefore was to be undone, in order that a beginning might be made. The strong prejudices which had been nurtured in the bosom of the dark ages were all to be removed, and one perhaps of more influence than all the rest, was that favorite idea of the Church of Rome, that no system of Philosophy however well it might agree with Reason, ought upon any grounds to be received, which could possibly be construed as prejudicial to the church. It was this which for a long time prevented the progress of the Reformation, and it has even at the present day an undue influence upon Learning and the Sciences. Men were afraid to believe that the Sun stands still, because it was contradicted by the tenor of Scripture. Astronomy however, brought up as it was in the mind of Newton himself, has found its way through, against the prejudice of Popery: but Geology which has not excited so much attention from great minds until lately, seems to have met with the same kind of opposition. It was well remarked a few years ago, that "the present period with regard to the Theory of Earth bears some resemblance to that in which philosophers thought the heavens were formed of polished stone, and that the moon was no larger than Peloponessus." But after Anaxagoras, it is added, "we have had our Copernicuses and our Keplers who pointed out the way to Newton."

But the history of the Earth consists no longer in mere supposition and the deductions of Reason are taking the place of exploded theories. In the present state of the question, a finished Treatise upon it would necessarily occupy more time than I should be allowed. The following essay may consequently incur the censure of a superficial view; for the limits of a single dissertation will not admit of an investigation so full as I could wish, or even as the subject deserves. I propose, therefore, to give as concisely as possible, an abstract of some of the most important Theories that have been maintained, the ground on which the question of the Antiquity of the Earth stands at

present among Geologists, and the principal arguments which they bring to maintain it.

In the ancient systems of Philosophy, we find very little that can be called Geological investigation. The proofs of the deluge however were noticed by the Greek historians, and it is said the Egyptians, Chaldaens and Indians, had formed opinions respecting the state of the Earth. But generally speaking the opinions of the ancients on this subject were not found on Geological research. The philosophy of Aristotle asserted the eternity of the world; and of course nothing could be expected from the Peripatetic school, on the origin, or formation of the Earth.

The ancients were divided into two sects on the subject of the earth's formation; a division similar in some respects to that of two sects in modern times, known by the names of the Neptunian and Volcanic schools. The Egyptian priests, and Thales who travelled into Egypt, maintained the aqueous origin of the Earth, while the philosopher Zeno contended that fire was the "prima materies." The more modern theorists did not improve much upon the ancient opinions and until the latter part of the last century the theories of the earth were not closely connected with Geology.

The first which I shall notice is the theory of Burnet, published in the year 1680. The earth he supposes was originally a fluid mass, composed of heterogenous materials, the heaviest of which descended to the centre and there formed a solid body. Around this body, the water was collected, while all the lighter fluid ascended above it. Between the orbs of water and air, he supposes an oily matter, upon which descended the impure particles that were mixed with the air, and these uniting formed the crust of the earth, which in time became the abode of the animal creation. The surface of the Globe, according to this Theory, was perfectly smooth, without either mountains or seas, and continued so for sixteen centuries. The heat of the Sun in the meantime, drying the crust caused large fissures to be made in it, which in time penetrated through, and the waters within flowing out caused the general deluge. The waters of the deluge afterwards retired to the cavities, and as these became filled, the mountains and valleys, the lakes and oceans were formed which at this day diversify the Earth.

Such was the first effort of human invention in regard to the Globe we live on. It may not be improper to observe here, that one general objection may be made to all these attempts to account for the origin and revolutions of the Earth. It will be found in all as in this, that the subject is taken in barely one point of view. It seems to be the object of Burnet, to account for the phenomena of the deluge. It is certainly ingenious, and were this the only difficulty to be removed, the theory would be plausible. As it is however, it can hardly be called a theory of the Earth; it is merely the production of a brilliant Imagination, and partakes as much of the nature of Poetry, as it does of Philosophy. The objections drawn from phenomena that have been frequently observed and are almost universally known, are too obvious to need any application.

It was about the same time, (1680) the "Protogaea" of the celebrated Leibnitz was published. He supposes that the base of all things belonging to the earth is glass; and sand and gravel are its fragments. The Globe he thinks, was originally a fixed star, and a luminous star; it blazed in the firmament till the combustible matter was exhausted when it became an opaque body. The fire by melting the matter vitrified it. When the crust cooled the aqueous particles, that rose in vapour being condensed and precipitated, formed the ocean. This vapour he supposes covered the whole earth and he mentions as proof of the fact the marine productions that are daily discovered on the tops of the mountains, as well as on the bottoms of vallies.

In 1702, an Essay on the Natural History was published at London by D^{r} Woodward. The marine productions found on the land he supposed to have been left there by the subsidence of the ocean. All solid substances he maintained were held in a state of solution by the waters of the flood; these substances were eventually precipitated and parallel strata were formed in the order of their specific gravity. Some internal agent, he says, broke these strata in the course of time, and changed their relative positions, and in this manner were formed the vallies and mountains as they now exist. It may be proper here to remark that the discourses on Earthquakes, which were written by D^{r} Hook, in the latter part of the seventeenth century assumes this point, that the bottom of the sea had been elevated by those tremendous convulsions of nature, caused by subterranean fires. It has been thought by some, that D^{r} Woodward alluded to this assumption of D^{r} Hook's in his theory of an Internal Agent.

I shall pass over the theories of Halley and Whiston, not merely because they seem

but little connected with the subject but because they are founded wholly upon conjecture; a conjecture too, that is absolutely ridiculous and contrary to all the phenomena which have as yet been observed.

As early as the year 1740, the idea was advanced that the earth was raised from the bottom of the sea. This served as the foundation of several theories, but theories as absurd as the basis which supported them.

Next in order of time is the theory of Buffon, celebrated for the extensive information it contains and admired for the beauty of language in which it is dressed. The Earth, says Buffon was originally detached from the Sun by the oblique stroke of a comet. It assumed a globular shape by the attraction of cohesion and is retained in its elliptical motion round the sun, by the joint effort of centripetal and centrifugal forces. It was then in a fluid state but became an oblate spheroid by its rotary motion. The water was formed from the aqueous atmosphere, which as the matter cooled, condensed by degrees, and descended upon the surface. The metallic veins within and the mould without, he supposes deposited by these waters. The internal parts were vitrified and still continue so, while the external being made up of pumice and scoriae were acted on by the water, and in this manner clays and soils were produced. This action of the scoriae produced also the inequabilities on the surface of the Earth, and it is by the confusion thus necessarily produced, he accounts for the destruction of mountains, for the formation of new islands, and all the different positions of the several strata which compose the crust of the earth. There are indisputable facts, he says, which prove that the sea and land, once at least must have changed places, and as similar changes are now going on at the bottom of the ocean, it will eventually become dry land, though the causes do not operate with that violence, which attended the former changes.

Such is the faint outline of the theory of Buffon; imperfect it must be from the limits to which we are confined. A distinguished Geologist of our Country in a late notice of this theory has well observed, "It was only about the time of its publication, that Geology first claimed the rank of a Science. Before this period, scarcely an accurate idea had been formed on the subject. The few rays of light were scattered, until an unexpected nucleus attracted the wandering atoms, and drew them together. The brilliant genius of Buffon diffused a radiance on philosophical inquiries. "It wasted itself in unprofitable theories, but threw a distant light upon the practical enquirer. This is the only subject on which the splendid genius of the Naturalist shed no immediate light; smaller stars however were rendered perceptible by his reflected rays."

We come now to the theory of Hutton. This was published in the year 1788. The sea and the land are supposed to have changed places an indefinite number of times. Continents are constantly forming at the bottom of the ocean, and a new earth rises on the ruins of the old. The elevation of these continents he attributes to the operation of subterranean fires. The force of fire he conceives to give solidity to the different strata, that have been condensed by means of fusion.

This system has received the support of the celebrated Professor Playfair,--one, who in the sure mark of Geological science, has appeared in its ranks as its noblest champion, and were there nothing else to recommend the theory of Hutton, the name of Playfair alone, would distinguish it among the theories of his predecessors. But it possessed merit of its own. The English Geologists down to the present time, have thought it worthy of their attention, and it may be said with truth, that it contains deeper research, and less conjecture than any that preceeded it. "It merits," in the language of Dr. Murray, "the praise of novelty, boldness of conception, and extent of views. It was founded on correct principles and it was the beginning of a new era."

I have thus briefly sketched some of the most important systems, which regard the origin and changes of our globe. It would be almost impossible to speak of all or even most of those hypotheses, which have only burdened the world, and hindered the progress of Philosophy. They are to be considered as the errors of the age, that produced them; but erroneous as they are, and weak as the foundation on which they are built, they cannot be regarded as totally useless. Every supposition that was made was one step towards improvement, and a train of reasoning which led men to false conclusions, if it were of no other advantage, served to expose the errours of the times. In the series of improvement, they seem actually necessary. The maturity of manhood must have been preceeded by the sports of the child, and these play-things of the world's infancy were the necessary antecedents of its riper years. But while these thousand hypotheses were amusing the greater part of the literary world, the true spirit of the Science was si-

lently and imperceptibly working its way among the Rocks and Mountains of the Earth. In the sixteenth-century, Agricola of Saxony attended to the mineralogical part of the Science; he was followed in the seventeenth by Bernard de Palissy in France, but owing to the darkness of the times in which they lived, their conclusions were but little attended to, and soon forgotten. In 1740, De Maillet published a Treatise on Geology, but wholly confined to a consideration of the different kinds of earth. Tilias a celebrated naturalist of Sweden, entered into a regular investigation of the science of Mineralogy, and published his Treatise in 1750, and in 1756 he was followed by Lehmann of Germany. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Alps were visited by Saussure, and almost the whole of Europe was travelled over by the votaries of the science. The facts which were about this time accumulated by De Luc, Hutton, Pallas, and the celebrated Werner, laid broad and deep the foundation for Geology. They were the first who applied to it successively the induction of Bacon. They made it their object to search for data that would supply the place of idle conjecture.

While Philosophy was thus rapidly advancing on the continent of Europe, the prejudices of the English people, strong against every thing continental, hindered its progress in the south of Britain, and France and Germany have accordingly taken the lead. Indeed, it may be considered rather remarkable, that we hear scarcely nothing of Geology in England until the beginning of the present century. The rapidity with which it has advanced for the last 20 years shows that these prejudices are losing their influence, and the researches of French and German naturalists will daily meet with a more cordial salutation from the halls of Cambridge and Oxford. Professor Buckland has added much to the interest of the science, by his investigation of fossil remains and not a little to the data which have long been sought for, in order to arrive at a Philosophical conclusion respecting the Antiquity of the Earth. In our own country, Geology was but little known until about 15 years ago. Since that time, it has been rapidly advancing, and for the honour which has been reflected upon it, we are mostly indebted to the celebrated Dr Mitchell of Philadelphia and Professor Cleaveland of Brunswick. But it is to France, that we are to look for all that is brilliant in Geological research and to none, perhaps is the progress of Natural history for the last 20 years more indebted than to the illustrious Cuvier. In the new path that had been struck out by Hutton and Werner, he was the first and he has been almost the only one who has carefully beaten the way, and who looking around him with the eye of a Philosopher, learned the first principles of that Science, which ages to come have yet to make perfect.

Having thus taken a historical view of the subject of Geology, it now remains to sketch its outlines in its present state. And here, let me remark, the reasoning to be employed is altogether of an analytical nature. Our conclusions are to be drawn from observations that have been made; for it was wholly owing to the use of the synthetic method, that neither ancient philosophers nor modern theorists obtained an accurate knowledge of the history of the earth. We examine the Earth as it is. It exhibits certain phenomena which are to be attributed to causes that have been long in operation; and the question of the earth's antiquity amounts to no more than this, how far can this operation of causes be traced?

There is one objection, however, which will often arise in the course of such an investigation, and which it would be well to obviate before we enter upon it. I refer to the sacred history of the creation of the world. In speaking of this I am conscious that I tread upon holy ground. Far be it from me to speak disrespectfully of the Writings of the Old Testament; far be it from me to speak with irreverence of a revelation from God! I am as firm as any one in my attachment to the religion of my country; I am as firm as any one in the protestant principles of my fathers. I must say, however, that I think too much importance has been attached to the question, whether the conclusions of Philosophy in regard to the origin and formation of our earth, do literally coincide with the Mosaic account. It is enough for us that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." But the circumstances of that creation may not be detailed precisely as they took place. The Mosaic history was never intended as a Philosophical treatise. We consider the Jewish lawgiver as giving history and laws to a barbarous people in a comparatively [unenlightened] age. They had lived in Egypt, it is true; but it was in the chains and fetters of Egyptian bondage. It would be more satisfactory perhaps to some if the conclusions of Geologists literally agreed with the history of Moses; but I can not conceive how a want of coincidence should detract from the authority or sanctity of Divine Revelation. If it affect it at all, it must add to it. For a Revelation must be suited in some measure to the age in which it is given. The one which was given through Moses seems best adapted to the capacities of the people that received it. I know not how a different one could have been expected in such an age.

The same God that saw fit so to reveal himself to Man saw fit also to endue him with intellectual powers; and I cannot believe that he ever intended we should admit as true, what did not coincide with the deductions of Reason. I cannot believe that he ever intended we should so limit our conclusions in Natural History by confining them to the details of a particular account, which we must say at best is obscure. This would be going back to the old popish principles of the middle ages--principles that were deserted by enlightened men, at the first dawn of the Reformation. Did these principles still bear sway, were the iron hand of ecclesiastical power still raised in that dignity and authority which it once was, no man who firmly believed that the [earth] turned upon its axis, would be allowed to call himself a Christian. But I trust that it will appear satisfactory to all, that the conclusions which Geologists of the present day have arrived at, respecting the antiquity of the earth, do not differ so widely as it has been sometimes imagined, from the original account of the Mosaic account of the creation.

Before I enter upon the details of the question, it will be proper to notice some of the classifications, which Geologists have made to assist them in their researches.

The first of importance is that made by Lehman of Germany, who divided the rocks into primary and secondary. The primitive or the oldest containing no organic remains, both the highest and the lowest in the series of formations. They are the lowest because all the depositions in the order of Nature, are placed upon them. They are also the highest, since they are to be noticed as I shall show, near the summits of the highest mountains.

The secondary rocks were divided by Werner into transition and Floetz. The transition which contains but few organic remains or petrifications are next to the primary in point of time. The Floetz are the latest of the secondary rocks, and are filled with organic remains of every description. This last class was subdivided by the followers of Werner, and the latest Floetz Rocks were distinguished by a Class called the newest Floetz. The classification however which seems lately to have been adopted, is that which distributed the several formations into four classes, viz. the primary, secondary, tertiary and alluvial. The two last which have been confounded until lately, have not received that attention from Geologists which they seem from their very nature to deserve. The Tertiary which are in this classification, next to the Secondary contain many very beautiful organic remains, and some of this class are the same with the newest Floetz of the followers of Werner. The alluvial formations are still more recent than the Tertiary, and are now daily changing the surface of the Earth. They are formed sometimes beneath the sea, by strong currents, sometimes upon the shore by the action of the tides and force of rivers, and sometimes on large plains, and in deep vallies by rains and thaws. These deposits contain organic remains, & in some of them the most precious gems and metals are to be found. It is upon the alluvial plains of Africa, Mexico, and North Carolina, that the greatest part of the gold dust is found, and on the coast of California, there are said to be fourteen leagues of alluvial soil in which gold abounds.

There is a very good illustration of this last division in the Geology of our country. The United States may be considered as divided into four Classes. The mountains, (the Allegany for instance) make up the primary class, which is composed principally of Granite, Gneiss and Utica Slate. The country west of the Alleganies form the second class consisting principally of Sand-stones, Limestones and Slates. The country east of Allegany may be considered as forming the Tertiary Class, composed of strata nearly horizontal, and more or less earthy. As to the alluvial beds, the[y] may be found on all deep vallies, on the borders of rivers, and the seashore itself. So that the portion of the country between the river Misissipi [sic], and the Atlantic Ocean, affords a complete Geological Map containing all the classes which are necessary to a complete division.

Professor Buckland of Oxford in his late work on fossils, has adopted the following classification of Soils. Those which were deposited by the waters of the flood he calls deluvial--those which [immediately] preceeded them he calls antedeluvial, and the depositions which have been made since the deluge are alluvial.

In an abstract of a Science so extensive as Geology, it will not be expected that a few pages can comprehend all the various particulars which men have spent their lives in collecting and classifying. The researches of Naturalists are connected with a very small part of the Globe itself. Confined to the surface of the earth, the outer crust of it as it is called, all our knowledge of its internal structure below a certain point must of necessity be in some measure theoretical. Various revolutions, which we shall see have affected the earth did not properly extend far below its surface. It is impossible to say, however, to what extent the force of a Volcano or the violence of an

earthquake may have reached. The two powerful agents which are at work between us but seldom exhibit their operations, and then only on occasions which deny the possibility of accurate investigation.

Wherever we look on the face of the globe, we find constant traces of change and revolution. Indeed the result of a very superficial investigation will shew, that the sea must have changed either in situation or extent an indefinite number of times; and not only this there is positive proof in the very strata of which the earth is composed, that the present land must have continued beneath the water for a long period. The water too must have been in a tranquil state. For if we examine first, the lowest and most level parts of this surface, we find not merely horizontal strata placed in regular and natural order, in the order of their specific gravities, but these strata are filled with marine productions. Now the question is argued and upon philosophical grounds too, how came these productions of the sea so firmly imbedded beneath the surface. Some have attempted to account for these phenomena by the general deluge. But the waters of the deluge though no doubt they did cause a change in the appearance of the earth, lasted but 150 days. I know of no law of Nature, by which these successive strata can be accounted for in so short a time. To bring these productions of the sea upon land in the short space of 150 days must require an inconceivable immense [sic] of force. The appearance of the shells therefore supposes a violence which is altogether inconsistent with the regularity of the strata in which they are found. But admitting for a moment the general deluge would serve to explain the phenomena of the horizontal strata, let us go further. On ascending a mountain, we find from the edges that are disclosed in its sides that the strata are not exactly horizontal, but in some places nearly perpendicular and when the mountains are not very lofty, these last are surmounted by the horizontal strata, which we have allowed, for the sake of the argument, might have been formed by the deluge.

Now the conclusion that has been drawn from these observations is this; the sea previous to the formation of the horizontal strata must have formed others which have by some violent revolution been broken up and overturned. If we examine these inclined or vertical strata, we shall find them also full of marine productions different in their nature from those of the horizontal, and numerous in their kind as the strata themselves. The more ancient, however, are more uniform; for as the surface of the water became diversified and numerous basins were consequently formed, different changes would take place in any basin. But that the earth has undergone more than one revolution, since the existence of the animal creation, there is still more positive truth in the circumstance that land animals, and the productions peculiar to fresh water are often found buried beneath the productions of the sea. For the truth of facts which are here related, I rely solely on the authority of the celebrated Cuvier.

The breaking up of the former strata and the irregularity in which they are now formed afford clear and satisfactory proof that these revolutions have been sudden. There have also been discovered many remains of animals which bear all the marks of having been overtaken by a sudden deluge. Among many of the instances of this kind mentioned by Cuvier is the elephant that was found in the ice near the mouth of the river Lena. This elephant which must have been deposited there at or before the time of the deluge was in such preservation that the skin and hair were then remaining, and that its flesh was readily eaten by dogs.

Again: the question is now beyond a doubt that there were revolutions in the earth previous to the creation of living beings. For in the more ancient strata, we find that organic remains become more rare, and in the very oldest they entirely disappear. These strata however present all the appearances of being formed in a fluid, and they no doubt were forming beneath the waters which covered the globe before the dry land appeared. Such are the primitive mountains which are called, the skeleton of the earth. The attention of Geologists has been called of late to investigate the Fossil remains of Quadrupeds. So far as their researches have extended they have arrived at conclusions which speak well for the prospects of this branch of Philosophy. It is no longer considered impossible to consider the epochs at which the various revolutions took place, though it may require the labour of many years. It is known that there are certain animals peculiar to certain strata, that all differ from those which are now in existence, and those most widely which are found to be most ancient. These species of animals have been exterminated one race after another since there are no traces of any of them living now to be found. The mammoth, for instance, is now known only from those bones which are frequently discovered in the western parts of our country. The question has been urged and is no doubt deserving of attention, whether there are not causes acting at

present which are sufficient to account for the effects we have been speaking of. In Political history we can trace revolution after revolution, the rise of one empire, the downfall of another, because we are better acquainted with the laws that regulate the passions and minds of men. But in Physical History, the march of Nature seems to change with every revolution of the Earth. The same causes which produced certain effects before the deluge cannot be expected to produce the same or even similar ones now. The causes which still exist are Rains and Thaws, Streams of water, the Sea, and Volcanoes. To the three first of these causes is attributed the formation of alluvial beds, and as to the power of Volcanoes which in a different state of the earth's surface would undoubtedly act with a different effect, I can not think in what way, the surface of the earth should be entirely changed by volcanoes. There might have been more than there are at present say some; there might have been more I grant, but yet how could strata be regularly deposited on the top of one mountain by the force of a Volcano on the other?

I have now given a brief sketch of Geology, on the ground where the latest discoveries have preceeded it. We have here a succession of well authenticated facts. These facts form so many epochs which serve to direct our enquiry into the Chronology of the earth. The conclusions at which we have arrived are direct and philosophical. They are not founded on hypotheses any more than the conclusions of Newton respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies; and when the processes of induction shall be finished, the science of Geology will become as definite and as simple as that of Astronomy.

The conclusions of the Theorists cannot be considered of much importance. They were in fact formed before the theories themselves; they were not inferences drawn from observation; they were conjectures at first, and the theories were formed to suit them exactly. Such systems frequently carry with them a plausibility which is apt to deceive even men of Philosophic minds. As to the question of the Earth's antiquity, the theorists of course were not prepared to offer many arguments upon it, and generally speaking, they seem to enter the years beyond the flood with a kind of fear and trembling; and indeed an explanation of the phenomena of the deluge seems to be the highest object of their wishes. But widely different are the conclusions at which Geologists have arrived. For in order to account for the phenomena of the first strata, they must suppose that the earth lay buried beneath the waters which must have continued for a great length of time in a tranquil state. But those strata we find broken up and overturned. Now the deposition of the strata could not have been caused by the same revolution which overturned them, for we find immediately above them the remains of land animals. What then must we infer? Certainly, that some other force turned the primitive strata from their original horizontal position. Hence we conclude that this second revolution, whether by water or fire, must have been of a violent nature.

But we come above these organic remains of land animals, and in some places, of animals peculiar to fresh water, and we find other strata in a horizontal position, filled with marine productions. These could not have been formed by a violent inundation, & by one of a short duration. The water must have continued upon the present land for a great length of time, in all probability, two or three thousand years. Is there not room then for some philosophical conclusion respecting the Antiquity of the Earth? Is there not positive proof that the last strata of which we speak was formed by some power that was in operation before the general deluge? The deluge then is not sufficient to account for the numerous changes which the Earth appears to have undergone. We are satisfied however that there was a deluge, whether partial or universal is yet doubtful, and that it took place about four thousand years ago. It is not only related as a particular event in the history of Moses, but it is found in the traditions of all nations, with which we are acquainted, and traces of such an inundation, peculiar in their kinds, are to be found in different parts of the earth. So that in this event, the conclusions of Geologists coincide throughout with the Mosaic account.

But when we go beyond this, what shall we say of the sacred history of the Earth's formation? How can the conclusions of Geology be reconciled with it? I answer that I think upon examination they will be found to agree in the most prominent features. "The Earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Nothing can convey a clearer idea of the chaotic state of the earth. It was the earth before its materials were organized or any living thing existed. Again: "God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, & let the dry land appear." There is nothing in this inconsistent with the deductions of Reason or the received systems of Philosophy.

But in point of time, we cannot believe this was ever intended as an exact particular account. There was no need of such an one. This was as I have said completely suited to the age in which it was given. We ought not to expect that literal coincidence which so many have looked for in vain. We must look at the intention of the account. The object of it was no doubt to give to Man some distinct idea of his origin, and the origin [of] all which he saw around him. This could not be more clearly conveyed than by limiting the work of creation to seven days. But [it] is by no means improbable that these seven days comprised seven thousand years. How can it be, I would ask that the lower order of animals should have been created in the same week or even in the same age with man, when upon examination we find that the fossil remains of Quadrupeds are discovered in vast numbers far below those of human beings, whereas, if the deluge be the cause of all these changes, which is the only supposition that will make the Mosaic history consistent with itself; I say if this supposition be correct both the bones of Men and Beasts must have been buried in the general ruin. But the fact is otherwise. With this evidence then before me, I cannot think I am bound by any law whatever to believe in the literal truth of the Mosaic history of the creation; knowing too "that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." Such is Geology and such are its conclusions. But the process of induction has but just begun. The science as I have said is yet in its infancy. Perhaps there is none in which a wider field is open for future investigation. The wilds of Africa have not yet been explored. The Mountains of Asia have not yet been laid open. It is here where the Maker of the Universe revealed himself to man, when the germ of our race was planted in its purity, where the Ark found a resting place from the billows of the flood, that the Question of the Earth's Antiquity may be finally settled. And when this shall be done, I trust we shall see the history of our Earth as definitely and distinctly laid down as the history of a Nation or Kingdom.

[Among Goodwin's sources for this paper, in addition to early encyclopedias, were the following:

Brande, William Thomas
Outlines of Geology; Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures Delivered in the Theatre of the Royal Institution in the Year 1816. London, 1817.

Cuvier, Georges
Essay on the Theory of the Earth, translated from the French...by Robert Kerr...with Mineralogical Notes, and an Account of Cuvier's Geological Discoveries by Professor Jameson. (2nd edition, with additions. Edinburgh, 1815.

Greenough, George B.
A Critical Examination of the First Principles of Geology; in a Series of Essays. London, 1819.

Knight, William
Facts and Observations towards forming a new Theory of the Earth. Edinburgh, 1819.]

A DISSERTATION ON THE CONCLUSIONS DRAWN FROM GEOLOGICAL SYSTEMS RESPECTING THE EARTH'S ANTIQUITY. By a Member of the Senior Class [Frederick Wilder]

"Et procul a pelago conchae jacuere marinae."

No science within the compass of human inquiry has provoked its votaries to as much absurd speculation & unfounded theorizing, or has drawn upon them so much deserved ridicule as has the science of geology. Independently of the ignorance or disregard of the proper limits of the human faculties & of speculative inquiry, which prevailed in the early stages of its history, this has arisen chiefly from two causes, which I shall briefly notice; the rather that they may perhaps suggest the proper course to be pursued in inquiring into the earth's antiquity.

The first is the peculiar nature & difficulty of the science itself. I am not aware that it happens in any other branch of physical investigation, as it does in this, that after determining the phenomina [sic] to be accounted for, we are obliged to refer them to causes not actually in existence & acting with an energy adequate to the constant production of similar effects. The astronomer, when he has observed the motions of the

celestial bodies & the fall of heavy substances, assigns them to a law which is still causing those bodies to move & those substances to fall. The mechanist, also, or the chemist speculates within the circle of things actually in existence & action, & beyond this he has no necessity or temptation to pass. His results may & must be, brought to the test of actual experiment, & the ease with which they may be determined with absolute certainty leaves no excuse for loose theorizing. But it is otherwise with the geologist; the phenomena which he is to harmonize & to account for, are, in the first place, very difficult to be ascertained. It is not an easy thing to explore the bowels of the earth, & to bring to light the secrets which nature seems studiously to have concealed from us. The sneer of Bishop Watson, "that man inquiring into the frame of the earth, greatly resembled a gnat essaying with his proboscis the hide of the elephant that he might determine his internal structure," is not wholly unfounded. It is not surprising, therefore, that men should want patience to accumulate facts sufficiently before they attempted to generalize. But besides this, the facts are of such a nature as to lead irresistably to hasty theory & conjecture. The more remarkable of them, at least, are evidently to be refer[r]ed to a different state of things from the present. The facts are not only to be brought to light, but they are to be refer[r]ed to causes which within the memory of man or the reach of the fartherest [sic] tradition, have never been known to operate. No law of nature, or combination of her laws, with the grasp of our capacity to comprehend, can hold continents in solution, or elevate the ocean above the tops of the mountains; yet we know that both these things have taken place. We find sea shells on the tops of mountains & we find them imbedded in the solid strata of the continent. These are facts which it is not in the nature of man not to desire & attempt to account for. But the very first step we take must be beyond the flood; it must take nature as we never knew her & heaven forbid that we ever may; it takes us at once from terra firma & leaves us in the midst of the chaos we have ourselves imagined to get out of it as we can. We are thus driven of necessity into the licence of conjecture or are forced to confess our impotence & leave the facts unexplained; the latter nothing but flat despair can ever force us to do, & we of course resort to the former. It is not a matter of wonder that from this cause, combined with one which I shall presently mention, there have arisen theories & conjectures, which for almost gratuitous absurdity are altogether unparallelled [sic] in the annals of human speculation.

The other cause to which I have alluded as leading geologists astray, is the Mosaic history of the creation & subsequent deluge, or rather a wrong interpretation & use of that history. Their science was for a long time little more than a comment upon that text. Men could not shut their eyes on the great appearance of nature about them indicating convulsions & change; they saw marks of inundation every where; shells were found imbedded in the solid rock, & lying far up the sides of mountains; the valleys appeared to the observing eye to have been excavated by water acting with a power of which we have now no examples; a thousand circumstances tended to show that at least the crust of the earth had sustained great revolution, & that by causes which, as I have observed, appear in these latter days to have lost their energy, or to have entirely ceased to exist. But causes there must have been, & it was natural for pious & believing men to look for them in those great events recorded in the sacred writings, when the earth from chaos is said to have become habitable & when afterward the fountains of the great deep were broken up. Accordingly, their efforts were for a long time directed to explaining p[r]esent appearances from those events, or rather, to combining the appearances & the events in the same theory, supplying always new causes with the most ready ingenuity when the scriptural, as was sometime the case, were palpably deficient. But new facts & new phenomina [sic] were every day disclosed, & a new theory was to be made which should include also these. The laws of nature were perverted & misconstrued & those of reason distorted in the vain attempt to reconcile the daily emerging facts with the literal interpretation of the book of Genesis.

But understand & interpret it as they might, that book was soon found to confine them within too narrow limits; & accordingly one class of philosophers, chiefly the French, gave up that account altogether, & theorized, as they thought, independently of it. But as the scriptural geology had at first given the impulse, so it still continued to give much of its character to geological systems. Thus most of the early systems include a creation or, at least, a chaotic state of the earth, & one or more subsequent deluges. According to the system of Buffon, for example, the earth owes its birth to the misfortune of a comet, which ran wide from its orbit & was drawn in to the burning arms of the sun. The unhappy comet perished, but fortunately, the concussion struck out the earth, & the other, planets which took their places in our system, & have ever since continued to revolve, rotating & moving all in the same direc-

tion, as from the blow of the comet they could not choose but do. The action of winds, currents, deluges &c were sufficient to elevate the mountains, excevate [sic] the valley, & produce all the changes which, since its creation, have happened upon the earth. An examination of other theories will show how much, even while they profess to disregard it, their inventors have really been influenced by the sacred geology.

The two causes, which I have now mentioned, are sufficient to account for the multitude of wild theories which have arisen in geology. These theories which it would be endless & even useless to analize [sic] have risen & sunk one after another to the number of somewhat above fourscore. Their fate deters inquirers of the present day from a repetition of similar attempts & probably similar failures. They have left theorizing & turned to the examination of phenomina, as they are to be found in nature, with an enthusiasm & industry which in other pursuits have rarely been equalled. Yet it is easy to perceive with what reluctance they give up for a time the spirit of theory; it is not too much to say that every geologist still cherishes a favourite system at his heart, which, but for the fear of castigation, would presently be inflicted upon the geological world. But the miserable overthrow of all systems, which have gone before, although they have been erected with skill & labour & fortified with royal octavos & even quartos, terrifies & deters them; they have learned caution, & it may with truth be said that the spirit of sound philosophy, which had been so long divorced from geology is now not less active in that delightful study than in the other sciences.

A greater contrast can not be found in the annals of any science than the system of Whiston, for instance, furnishes, when compared with a geological inquiry of the present day. No man of common judgment now ventures beyond the most cautious induction; & even these he states with much of diffidence, for he knows that they will be scrutinized with jealous severity & he knows too that in the daily & hourly discovery of facts, the next journal may entirely overthrow his laborious inferences by the new position of a fossil bone or cockle shell, or by the discovery of the os coccygis, or the molar tooth of a new animal.

But while geology has thus at length submitted itself to the direction of philosophy, it seems to be still subject to the influence of prejudices (for so they must be termed) which however honourable to the piety of the inquirer who is affected by them, are yet truly unphilosophical & far from favourable to the interests of science or religion. As in the infancy of the science, so now the Mosaic history of the creation & deluge is a stumbling block to geologists. It was then the cause of a thousand absurdities, & now we every day see proofs that men have not yet fully learned a truth which the history of philosophy for the last century & a half ought surely to have taught them; & that is that the book of Nature has been given us boldly & freely to read with the simple eye of reason; & firmly believing that the revelation which God has made in that book will be found ultimately to harmonize with what he hath taught us more directly indeed, but not certainly, by the mouth of his prophets. It is in the highest degree unwise in the friends of religion to oppose free inquiry into the earths structure as tending to produce scepticism, & it is hardly less unwise to suffer their own inquiries, if they have the boldness to make any, to be biassed by such prejudices. The science of geology ought, as it seems to me, to be pursued entirely without reference to revelation, & the description of natural events which it contains. That when interpreted & understood aright, they will serve to confirm & not to contradict each other, no believer can doubt, but that the harmony may be of any value, they must be studied & examined independently of each other. Moreover, the principles of interpretation, where great natural events are mentioned in scripture, it is well known, are not fully agreed upon; great caution is therefore necessary, at the best, in founding any arguments or principles in natural inquiries, or descriptions taken from the bible, & this is especially true in a science so new & unformed as philosophical geology, where but few deep & incontestible principles are yet established, & where new discoveries may disprove tomorrow what we make the scriptures assert to day. Geology then, I am firmly convinced, ought to be studied, at least for the present, without the slightest regard to revelation. To reconcile them with each other, or to say how far they are irreconcilable, neither the science of the earth, nor perhaps of interpretation, is yet sufficiently ripe.

I have made these general remarks with the view of explaining some of the leading causes of the great diversity of opinions & inferences which have been drawn by philosophers on points connected with geology, particularly on the earth's antiquity, & in order also to determine the course, if possible, which true philosophy requires of us to pursue in geological inquiries. To examine those inferences separately would be

an endless & useless labour; to attempt to reconcile the conflicting opinions of philosophers, who have themselves explored the bowels of the earth, & ascended mountains & viewed in nature all those appearances & indications which can never be communicated with entire truth & effect in a description, would be presumptuous in one who has just set his foot within the boundaries of this delightful, but to a tyro at least, this amazing & bewildering field of study. I shall therefore only attempt to state clearly & briefly as far as I am able to comprehend them the grounds we possess of judging of the earths antiquity, & how far we can proceed upon these with confidence & safety. In doing this I shall avoid, as far a[s] possible, all terms which savour of theory; & in subjection to the foregoing remark, I shall pass untouched the great question of the connection between physical & scriptural geology. I would premise that the most important books to be referred to in this inquiry are not contained in the very meagre geological department of the College Library & that consequently I have not been able to consult them.

Time we know can only be measured with considerable accuracy by the passage of events occurring in regular succession, or by the accumulation of effects resulting from constant causes. Some such natural chronometers immediately occur to us as connected with changes of the earth, as in the disintegration of mountains by the action of the atmosphere & the collection of fallen fragments, or <u>debris</u> about their roots, the annual collection of alluvion at the mouth of rivers, the constant growth of peat bogs &c. But these can furnish us no grounds for judging of the antiquity of the present order of things, & to this purpose I shall presently have occasion to apply them, but this order of things, is but one stage in the earth's existence, preceded by earlier stages, which are properly the first subjects of investigation.

It is well known that on removing the loose earth & stones, which are usually found on the surface of the earth, at greater or less depth, we arrive at continuous masses of rock, of different kinds, disposed into strata, which usually approach a horizontal position. These strata are divided into two principal classes, primary and secondary; when both classes occur together, the latter lies upon or against the former; the secondary contain organic remains, the primary contain none, and are more crystalline in their structure. These formations, as they are called, do not occur in absolutely regular succession, nor are they universal. But this is of no importance; the conclusions which we may draw from the strata of any one country respecting its antiquity, are obviously applicable to the whole earth.

We have now to show that these strata were formed at successive periods of time, & in the order in which they now occur; & then to inquire if those periods are in any degree determined; and if so, to what extent?

To begin with the primitive strata; we should probably infer from these alone, without regard to secondary layers, that they were not formed contemporaneously, but successively.

Viewed philosophically & naturally with nothing but reason & the analogy of nature to instruct us, we have strong ground to presume that they were not cast, by the forming hand & originally & at once into their present forms & situations. The whole analogy of nature teaches us, that nothing is now in its first form, On the surface of the earth & within the observation of every one, constant change is a law that is impressed on every thing, that is, too distinctly to be overlooked by the least observing. Every day alters the order of the last; the fountain that poured yesterday is exhausted to day. The river that has never, within the memory of man or even the farther reach of tradition, been exhausted, yet hourly bears with it to the ocean, the spoils it has gathered from the earth, & deposits them in its bosom; the valleys are filled up, even the rock ribbed hills are worn away slowly indeed, yet constantly & certainly; in one place the oceans [<u>sic</u>] recedes, in another encroaches; islands rise up to its surface in one place, in another sink below it & are lost; climates are known to change, & the thistle now grows where once sprung the olive: within her more secret recesses too, nature plies her forges, still abhorring rest; within the bowels of the earth, there is no sleep to her, but the earthquake, which from time to time we hear & feel, and the volcanic fire, attest the ceaseless changes, which are going on. Above the earth, in the heavens, the same law still obtains; everything is in motion & mutation; the relative situation of the heavenly bodies, never continues for two successive instants, the same; stars too fade and brighten; the mere emanation of light must be attended with change.

But it is unnecessary to proceed any farther; enough has been said to show that Nature is never at rest & to convince us that nothing is now in its primitive state of creation. Will any one say that since none of the causes now in action appears capable of effecting any change in substances so permanent as stratified rocks, we must infer that they have never changed? I answer that the change of natural laws & causes is a part of the economy of nature; we have not only no reason to think otherwise, but of it we have direct proof; sea shells are found on the tops of mountains, petrified wood & bones at a great depth below the surface; the whole aspect of the earth shows either that nature has acted under different laws or that present laws & causes have at some prior point of time been so much altered & exalted as to be in fact new laws. We infer then that the primary data are not now in their first form; previous to taking the present form they must doubtless have been in a state of fluidity or at least of imperfect soft consistency, & those who have viewed them in their native beds, examined all their indications, universally agree that they were deposited out of a state of watery solution or of igneous fusion. This granted we say that they were deposited at successive & distinct periods; indeed no one will probably be found ever to imagine that substances so entirely different in their composition & structure as are some of the primary strata should have been simultaneously deposited thus distinctly—yet in such immediate vicinity, out of one general solution, or indeed out of any state of which it is possible to conceive. The inference is inevitable, & I believe universal, that the overlying strata, were formed at a later period than those beneath. The length of these intervals we have not the slightest means of determining, yet we may safely conclude, that large masses of granite & other rocks could not have been deposited and become hard, & new masses have been deposited above them & become hard also without a very considerable lapse of time.

But the conclusions which, with respect to the primitive strata, we draw with doubt & hesitation, become certain & demonstrable when applied to the secondary strata, or those which contain organic remains. It is well known that in various sections of almost every country, these strata are found, on digging into them to contain marine & not unfrequently fresh water shells imbedded in the rock. These shells are often found in great quantities, such as could not have been collected by any modern & temporary inundation; they are often found in a perfect state of preservation, with their nisest [sic] processes & edges unbroken; all which proves beyond the slightest doubt that they lived & died in the places where they are found, which must then have been the bottom of the ocean; & that the strata in which they are imbedded hardened & consolidated around them not suddenly for then they would have been distorted & crushed, but by a slow & gradual process. The different strata contain moreover remains of different kinds, & it is worthy of remark, that the least perfectly organized remains are found lowest in order & that lowest of all are found fossil sea weeds. All this proves incontestibly the successive deposition of the strata with long periods intervening. It is no objection that we are unable to assign any cause at present in existence, capable of producing this fusion or solution & subsequent deposition of large masses of solid rock. It is sufficient for our purpose that the known & acknowledged phenomena can be accounted for on no other supposition, & that they involve the consequences we contend for.

Above the regularly stratified parts of the earth which are generally allowed to be of antediluvium origin, we find what is called diluvium & which in greater or less quantities is spread out upon the greater part of the earths surface. It is so called because it is thought to exhibit proofs of the action of one or more deluges of very long continuance. We are concerned at present with only one of these proofs, viz the organic remains found in the deluvium & with this only so far as it enables us to determine in any degree the interval which elapsed between the formation of the last regular strata & the begining of the present state of things. The interval was doubtless a long one. Whether more than one deluge occured in this time, or whether the last was universal, are points which appear not to be thouroughly ascertained. From the similarity of the organic remains, however, which are found in the diluvium of any particular country, for example England, on the north of the continent of Europe, they are generally all referred to the state of the earth immediately preceding the last great deluge, & they prove that this era was of long continuance. As a proof of this position, take among others the caves found in England & Germany which contain animal bones. It is now nearly or quite universally admitted that these bones are of antideluvian origin. It is also agreed that they were very long in collecting. In the cave of Kirkdale in Yorkshire, England, for instance, are found the partial remains of the bones of 23 genera of animals, among which those of the Hyena predominate. The character of the Hyena, that of the other animals whose remains are found in the cave,

the excrements found there, the way in which the bones are fractured, the vast quantities of them, the parts of the skeletons remaining & all the indications connected with the cave, show that it was the den of Hyenas, who dragged hither & devoured their prey, & that they inhabited it for many generations & for a long succession of years. This is the conclusion of Professor Buckland, who examined the cave with much care & accuracy, & whose opinion carries with it a great deal of weight. It has indeed been attacked by M^r^ Penn, but with little success; its correctness is generally acknowledged. Similar results are furnished by the German caves, as those of Kuhloch, Spa, Schurzfeld &c, except that in these the master animal appears to have been the Bear. Bones are also found in considerable quantities in the fissures of rocks. They are probably those of animals who fell into the fissures at some time previous to the last deluge, at which time they were drifted together into heaps.

There are other proofs of the very considerable duration of the antediluvian state but none are so striking as these I have mentioned; I shall therefore proceed to the proofs of the comparatively recent date of the present state of things, as they are taught by geology.

Mountains, it is well known, are every year, disintegrated by the action of the atmosphere, rains, &c, & the debris fall down their sides & are collected about their base. From the whole quantity of these debris, compared with the collection which has taken place within the memory of man or the reach of history or tradition, conclusions may be drawn with tolerable accuracy respecting the time when the waters last subsided & the disintegration commenced. The front of Salisbury crags near Edinburg, is said by Professor Jameson to afford a fine example of this natural chronometer & to indicate a period of action not exceeding a few thousand years. Almost every mountain affords the like phenomena, & indicates about the same period, viz, a few thousand years.

Rivers annually deposit alluvium at their mouths thus forming deltas, which gradually increase & serve as rude chronometers. Messieurs Deluc & Dolomieu have carefully examined this subject, & though diametrically opposed to each other in theory, on this subject they very exactly agree. They both refer the commencement of these formations to a period not above a few thousand years ago.

Downs or sand floods are another means of measuring time. These occur in different parts of Scotland. A remarkable example of this phenomenon is described by Mr Deluc's brother, as quoted by Prof. Jameson. It consists in the gradual encroachment of the sands of the Lybian desert upon the western bank of the Nile, which was formerly inhabited & cultivated highly. This proves the recent commencement of causes at present in action & the newness of the African continent.

Coral Islands are growing up also gradually but continually in different parts of the ocean. Reefs of coral now fill up all the ports of the Red Sea to which in earlier

[END OF THE MANUSCRIPT]

LECTURES IN BOSTON DURING THOREAU'S SENIOR YEAR

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

How much Thoreau and his fellow students were able to profit by the rich program of lectures offered to the public during his last year at Harvard remains to be determined. The campus certainly did not ignore Boston intellectual activities, even if student impecuniosity may have kept away all but the avant-garde and those receiving complimentary tickets. In any event, what was said and done in the Boston lyceums and lecture rooms reached students at Harvard at least indirectly--through newspapers, the classroom and the literary societies. The following list (drawn largely from notices in the Boston Daily Advertiser and the Christian Register and Boston Observer) will serve as a helpful chronology into which we may be able to fit some of the new facts concerning Thoreau's senior year. (I have omitted sermons, temperance lectures and addresses delivered before lodges and restricted societies.)

1836

Nov. 7] Dr. Charles T. Jackson. First lecture on Geology. At the Odeon. The course will consist of 12 lectures, on

Monday and Friday evenings. Tickets $3 to gentlemen; $2 to ladies. (BDA, Nov. 7, page 2).

Nov. 9] Dr. Gay. "Chemistry." Second lecture in course offered by the Franklin Typographical Society. Tremont Hall, Phillips Place. (BDA, Nov. 9, page 2).

Nov. 11] Hon. Daniel Webster. Introductory Lecture of the winter course before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. (BDA, Nov. 3, page 2).

Nov. 14] J. Lewis Stackpole, Esq. Introductory Lecture in the Sixth Course of Franklin Lectures. "The remaining Lectures, from twelve to fifteen in number, will be on miscellaneous subjects--Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, The Deluge, Natural History, Animal Magnetism, Arts, Antiquities, Social Reform, Popular Sports, &c...." At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Nov. 8, page 2).

Nov. 16] Dr. Gay. "Chemistry." Third lecture. Tremont Hall. Franklin Typographical Society. (BDA, Nov. 15, page 2).

Nov. 17] Hon.S. C. Phillips. Third lecture before the Boston Lyceum. (BDA, Nov. 16, page 2).

Nov. 18] Theophilus Parsons, Esq. Second lecture before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. At Masonic Temple. (BDA, Nov. 18, page 2).

Nov. 21] Graham's Lectures. First of a series of twelve on "Diet" at the Swedenborgian Chapel, Phillips Place, opposite the Stone Chapel, in Tremont Street, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. (BDA, Nov. 19, page 2).

Nov. 22] Hon. James T. Austin. "Siege of Boston." First of the Historical Society's Lectures. (BDA, Nov. 17, page 2).

Nov. 23] Hon. Alexander H. Everett. "The Constitution of the United States." Fourth lecture before the Franklin Typographical Society. At Tremont Hall. (BDA, Nov. 22, page 2).

Nov. 24] Hon. Caleb Cushing. Fourth lecture before the Boston Lyceum. (BDA, Nov. 22, page 2).

Nov. 25] Dr. C. T. Jackson. "Natural History and the Composition of Coal." Fifth lecture at the Odeon. "The subject of Coal will require 3 or 4 lectures and may be understood without having attended the previous part of the course." (BDA, Nov. 25, page 2).

Nov. 25] Theophilus Parsons. "The Progress and Prospects of Society." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. At Masonic Temple. (BDA, Nov. 24, p. 2).

Nov. 27] Orestes A. Brownson. Second of a course of lectures on "The Truth of the Christian Religion." This particular lecture is entitled: "The Character of Christ." The series is advertised as "Sunday Evening Lectures." (CR, Nov. 26, page 3 [or 191]).

Nov. 28] Dr. C. T. Jackson. "Composition, Origin and Distribution of Coal," sixth lecture in his series on Geology. At Odeon. (BDA, Nov. 28, page 2).

Nov. 29] Hon. James T. Austin. "Siege of Boston," second of the Historical Society's Lectures. (BDA, Nov. 24, page 2).

Nov. 30] Dr. Gay. "Chemistry." Fifth lecture of the Franklin Typographical Society. Tremont Hall. (BDA, Nov. 29, page 2).

Dec. 2] Theophilus Parsons. "The Progress and Prospects of Society." Third lecture before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. At Masonic Temple. (BDA, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, page 2).

Dec. 6] Hon. William Sullivan. "The Use of History--Of Tradition--Boston Fifty Years Ago." Historical Society's Lectures--the third. (BDA, Dec. 1, p. 2).

Dec. 7] Dr. Gay. "Chemistry." Sixth lecture of the Franklin Typographical Society. Tremont Hall. (BDA, Dec. 6, page 2).

Dec. 8] Henry R. Cleveland. "Ruins of Pompeii." Fifth lecture before the Boston Lyceum. (BDA, Dec. 6, page 2).

Dec. 8] Ralph Waldo Emerson. First of a course of lectures on the Philosophy of History. At Masonic Temple. Tickets on sale at Hilliard, Gray & Co's Book Store. (BDA, Dec. 7, page 2).

Dec. 9] Theophilus Parsons. Concluding lecture of the course on the "Progress and Prospects of Society." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. (BDA, Dec. 9, page 2).

Dec. 13] Hon. William Sullivan. "Changes in Boston within Fifty Years." Fourth in the Historical Society's Lectures. (BDA, Dec. 10, page 2).

Dec. 14] Dr. Gay. "Chemistry." Seventh lecture before the Franklin Typographical Society. (BDA, Dec. 13, page 2).

Dec. 15] W. H. Simmons. Sixth lecture in the series of the Boston Lyceum. At the Odeon. (BDA, Dec. 14, page 2).

Dec. 15] Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The Introductory lecture to Mr. Emerson's Course of Lectures...will be repeated this Evening at 7 o'clock. This lecture open to the public." [No charge.] (BDA, Dec. 15, p. 2).

Dec. 15] Prof. Palfrey. "Siege of Louisburg." Boston Lyceum, sixth lecture. At the Odeon. (BDA, Dec. 15, page 2).

Dec. 16] Hon. John C. Gray. Fifth lecture before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Masonic Temple. (BDA, Dec. 15, page 2).

Dec. 20] Alden Bradford, Esq. "The Commissioners of Charles I. as a Court of Appeals in Massachusetts, 1664." Fifth in the Historical Society's Lectures. (BDA, Dec. 17, page 2).

Dec. 21] Dr. Chickering. "Sir Isaac Newton." Eighth in the series offered by the Franklin Typographical Society. At Tremont Hall. (BDA, Dec. 20, page 2).

Dec. 22] James L. Stackpole. Seventh lecture in the Boston Lyceum series. At the Odeon. (BDA, Dec. 20, page 2).

Dec. 22] Ralph Waldo Emerson. Second lecture on the Philosophy of History. (BDA, Dec. 21, page 2).

Dec. 23] Hon. John C. Gray. Sixth lecture before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. (BDA, Dec. 23, page 2).

Dec. 27] Hon. Alexander H. Everett. "The History of the Constitution of the United States." Sixth in the Historical Society's Lectures. (BDA, Dec. 24, page 2).

Dec. 28] Dr. J. V. C. Smith. Ninth lecture in the series offered by the Franklin Typographical Society. Tremont Hall. (BDA, Dec. 28, page 2).

Dec. 28] George S. Hillard. Eighth lecture in the Boston Lyceum Series. (BDA, Dec. 28, page 2).

Dec. 29] Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Principles and History of Art." Third in his series. (BDA, Dec. 28 and 29, page 2).

Dec. 30] Hon. Rufus Choate. Seventh lecture in the series offered by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. (BDA, Dec. 29, page 2).

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Jan. 2] Rev. J. B. Felt. "Rival Chiefs, D'Aulney and La Tour, Governors of Nova Scotia." Seventh in the Historical Society's Lectures. At Masonic Temple. (BDA, Jan. 2).

Jan. 4] Mons. B. F. Bugard. "Animal Magnetism." Franklin Typographical Society, tenth lecture. Tremont Hall. (BDA, Jan. 4).

Jan. 5] William H. Simmons. "The Poetry of Byron." Boston Lyceum, ninth lecture. At the Odeon. (BDA, Jan. 3).

Jan. 5] Ralph Waldo Emerson. Fourth lecture: "Literature." (BDA, Jan. 4).

Jan. 6] Mons. Ch. Poyen, of the University of Paris. First lecture in a course on "Animal Magnetism." Tremont Hall. The course will consist of six lectures, one of which will deal with "Analogous Facts, such as the state of extacy exhibited at various periods of history, Catalepsy, natural somnambulism, &c."

Jan. 6] Hon. Rufus Choate. Lecture before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. (BDA, Jan. 6).

Jan. 6] Dr. Webster. Lectures on Chemistry. (BDA, Jan. 5). The following is taken from BDA, Dec. 23, 1836, page 2:

"Dr. Webster proposes to deliver an extended and practical course of Lectures and demonstrations on Chemistry (on the plan of those annually delivered at the Royal Institution, London, to commence on the first Sat. in January at 3:30 P.M. at the Lecture Room and Laboratory of the Mass. Medical College, Mason St., Boston." [Possibly from 15-20 lectures].

"The principles and objects of Chemical Science and the general laws of Chemical changes, will be explained, and the phenomena of Attraction, Light, Heat, Electricity, Galvanism, &c. developed and illustrated by numerous experiments, and with the aid of the ample apparatus of the College...."

Jan. 9] First lecture of six on "Astrology." Boylston Hall. (BDA, Jan. 7).

Jan. 9] Mr. Catherwood. Lecture one on "Jerusalem, Egypt, and Palestine." At the Odeon. (These lectures were first delivered in New York City.)

Jan. 10] William Lincoln. "French Neutrals". Historical Society's Lectures. (BDA, Jan. 10).

Jan. 10] Mr. Catherwood. Lecture two on "Jerusalem, Egypt, and Palestine."

Jan. 11] Henry F. Harrington, Esq. Franklin Typographical Society's eleventh lecture. Tremont Hall. (BDA, Jan. 11).

Jan. 12] Hon. Rufus Choate. Boston Lyceum series, lecture ten. At the Odeon. (BDA, Jan. 11).

Jan. 12] Ralph Waldo Emerson. Fifth lecture, "Politics." (BDA, Jan. 11).

Jan. 13] Hon. William Sullivan. Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, lecture ten. (BDA, Jan. 12).

Jan. 13] Mr. Catherwood. Lecture three on "Jerusalem, Egypt, and Palestine." (BDA, Jan. 7). [This was the third and last lecture of the series.]

Jan. 17] Rev. Alexander Young. "Pequot War, 1637." Historical Society Lectures, number nine. (BDA, Jan. 16).

Jan. 19] Hon. Rufus Choate. Boston Lyceum Lecture eleven. (BDA, Jan. 17). [At the Odeon].

Jan. 19] Ralph Waldo Emerson. His sixth lecture: "Religion". (BDA, Jan. 19).

Jan. 20] Rev. Alexander Young. "Pequot War, 1637." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, secture eleven. (BDA, Jan. 19).

Jan. 24] Hon. Horace Mann. Introductory Lecture to a series at the Warren Street Chapel. "The Teachers of the Warren street Chapel, announce to the public, that arrangements have been made for the delivery, at that Institution, of a course of Scientific and Literary Lectures. They will commence on Tuesday Evening, January 24th, with an Introductory...and will be continued every Tuesday Evening until May. Succeeding the Introductory, Lectures are expected from the Hon. Rufus Choate, Rev. R. W. Emerson, Rev. Chandler Robbins, Rev. Thomas B. Fox, Messrs. Lowell Mason, G. S. Hillard, Charles Sumner, O. W. B. Peabody, R. C. Waterston, Henry R. Cleveland, and Dr. Augustus A. Gould." (CR, Jan. 14, p. 7; Jan. 21, p. 11, etc.).

Jan. 24] Alden Bradford. "The Character of the Patriots of the Revolution." Historical Society's Lecture--the tenth. (BDA, Jan. 24).

Jan. 24] E. R. Hansen. First lecture on the Art of Music will be repeated on this date at Boylston Hall.

Jan. 25] Franklin Typographical Society's twelfth lecture. Postponed from earlier date. (BDA, Jan. 18).

Jan. 26] O. W. B. Peabody. Boston Lyceum series--twelfth lecture. At the Odeon. (BDA, Jan. 25).

Jan. 26] Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Society" --seventh lecture in his series. (BDA, Jan. 25).

Jan. 27] Rev. C. W. Upham. Thirteenth lecture offered by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. (BDA, Jan. 27).

Jan. 29] Orestes A. Brownson. His first lecture in the Sunday Evening Lectures at the Masonic Temple, "explanatory of the principles and objects of the Society for Christian Union and Progress." (BDA, Jan. 27; CR, Jan. 28, page 15).

Jan. 31] Convers Francis, of Watertown. "The Life and Character of Father Raale." Historical Society's Lectures--the eleventh. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Jan. 31).

Feb. 2] A. M. Quimby. "Electricity"--which will be illustrated by various experiments. Boston Lyceum Series, lecture thirteen. At the Odeon. (BDA, Jan. 31).

Feb. 2] Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trades and Professions." Eighth lecture on the Philosophy of History. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 2).

Feb. 3] C. W. Upham. "Roger Williams." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge--thirteenth lecture. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 3).

Feb. 6] Mr. Courhouy. "Exploring Expedition." A repetition. At the Odeon. (BDA, Feb. 3).

Feb. 7] Samuel Swett, Esq. "John Winthrop, First Governor of Massachusetts." Historical Society's Lectures--the twelfth. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 6).

Feb. 7] G. S. Hillard. Third lecture at the Warren Street Chapel. (BDA, Feb. 7).

Feb. 7] Mr. Catherwood. "Jerusalem." Lecture at the Odeon. (BDA, Feb. 7).

Feb. 9] Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Manners"--ninth lecture on the Philosophy of History. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 8 and 9).

Feb. 9] William H. Simmons. "Morals of the Ancients." Boston Lyceum--lecture fourteen. At the Odeon. (BDA, Feb. 8).

Feb. 10] C. W. Upham. "Roger Williams." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge--fourteenth lecture. At Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 10).

Feb. 14] O. W. B. Peabody, Esq. "Major General Israel Putnam." Historical Society's Lectures--thirteenth. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 13).

Feb. 14] Thomas B. Fox. "Love and Study of Nature." Warren Street Chapel, fourth lecture. (BDA, Feb. 14).

Feb. 16] Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Ethics"--tenth in his series on the Philosophy of History. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 15).

Feb. 17] Rev. C. W. Upham. "Hugh Peters." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge--lecture fifteen. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 17).

Feb. 19] Orestes A. Brownson. "Christianity Given to Effect a Political and Social Revolution." Fourth discourse in explanation of the principles and objects of the "Society for Christian Union and Progress". At the Masonic Temple. (CR, Feb. 18, page [27]). (Also BDA, Feb. 18).

Feb. 21] Rev. C. W. Upham. "Life and Career of Timothy Pickering." Historical Society's Lectures--last lecture of the course. At Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 20).

Feb. 21] Robert C. Waterston. Warren Street Chapel Lectures--the fifth. (BDA, Feb. 21).

Feb. 23] Discussion meeting at the Odeon, sponsored by the Boston Lyceum. Question: "Will it be good policy on the part of the U. S. to admit Texas into the Union?" (BDA, Feb. 21).

Feb. 23] Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The Present Age." (Eleventh in his series on the Philosophy of History). At Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 22).

Feb. 24] Rev. C. W. Upham. "Sir George Downing." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge--sixteenth lecture. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Feb. 24).

Feb. 26] Rev. Orestes A. Brownson. "Radicalism." Fifth discourse at the Masonic Temple "in explanation of the principles and subjects of the Society for Christian Union and Progress." (BDA, Feb. 25).

March 2] Rev. W. Hague. "Philosophy of Taste." Boston Lyceum--fifteenth lecture. At the Odeon. (BDA, Feb. 28).

March 2] Ralph Waldo Emerson. Twelfth and last lecture on the Philosophy of History at the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Mar. 1).

March 3] Rev. C. W. Upham. "Sir George Downing." Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge--seventeenth lecture. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Mar. 3).

March 7] Rev. Convers Francis, of Watertown. "Father Raale." Warren Street Chapel lecture series. (BDA, Mar. 7).

March 8] Prof. Webster. "Electro-Magnetism." (Reported in BDA, Mar. 10).

March 9] Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston Lyceum--seventeenth lecture. At the Odeon. (BDA, Mar. 8).

March 10] Rev. C. W. Upham. "The British Navigation Act of 1651." Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge--eighteenth and last lecture. At the Masonic Temple. (BDA, Mar. 9).

March 14] Chandler Robbins. "Self-Education." Warren Street Chapel. (BDA, Mar. 14).

March 16] George Bancroft. "Education of the Human Race." Boston Lyceum--eighteenth lecture. At the Odeon. (BDA, Mar. 14).

March 18] Dr. Webster. Second and last lecture on Electro-Magnetism. (BDA, Mar. 14).

March 21] Dr. Charles G. Page commenced a course of four experimental lectures at the Odeon: "Electro Statics or Electricity by Friction." His following addresses will be: "Electro Chemistry, Electro Dynamics, Electro Magnetism." "Magneto-Electricity, Photo-Magnetism." "Thermo-Electricity."

March 21] Rufus Choate. Warren Street Chapel. (BDA, Mar. 21).

March 28] Dr. M. S. Perry. Warren Street Chapel. (BDA, Mar. 28).

March 29] Rev. C. W. Upham repeated his lecture, "Life and Career of Col. Timothy Pickering." Masonic Temple. (BDA, Mar. 22).

March 30] Hermann Bokum. "Life and Character of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter." Tremont Hall, Phillips Place. (BDA, Mar. 28).

April 4] Dr. C. G. Page. "Galvanism and Magnetism." At the Odeon. (BDA, Apr. 5).

April 11] Dr. C. G. Page. "Galvanism and Magnetism" (repeated). (BDA, Apr. 10).

April 11] Warren Street Chapel: eleventh lecture of the course. (BDA, Apr. 11).

April 13] Hermann Bokum. "Life and Character of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter." At the Masonic Temple. [Was this a postponement or a repeating?] (BDA).

April 13] Dr. King. "Lecture on Lightning". At the Odeon. (BDA, Apr. 12).

April 18] Dr. A. A. Gould. "The Vegetable Creation." Warren Street Chapel. (BDA, Apr. 18).

April 25] Ralph Waldo Emerson. Warren Street Chapel--last lecture of the course. (BDA, Apr. 25).

April 27 and 28] Charles Brooks of Hingham. "Prussian System for Elementary Instruction." Warren Street Chapel. (BDA, Apr. 27).

Aug. 31] Ralph Waldo Emerson. Orator at Harvard's meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the day following the Commencement: "the Oration by Rev. R. W. Emerson, and the Poem by Rev. Mr. Lunt."

THOREAU'S DIPLOMA AGAIN

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Thoreau's refusal to pay a sum of money --Edward W. Emerson said it was five dollars--for a worthless Master of Arts diploma three years after graduation is well known.[1] Only twenty-one (not twenty-seven) members of the Class of 1837 paid the fee and qualified for the M.A. in this intellectually painless fashion.[2] Six others of the class won the M.A. out of course or had it conferred on them as an honorary award or earned it in some other institution. For his facts Raymond Adams relied heavily upon a letter written by Edward W. Emerson in 1919--eighty-two years after Thoreau's graduation and hence likely to be hazy regarding many details. More useful to us is an article in the Boston Transcript, reprinted in the Yeoman's Gazette[3] the year before Thoreau entered Harvard and undoubtedly known to him and to his family. It indicates that opposition to Harvard's plan for the M.A. degree was widespread and makes Thoreau's later protest conventional rather than the reverse. The sum of money required was ten dollars rather than five.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

A. B. AND A. M. Writers in the Centinel, Courier and Post, have taken up the cudjels against the exhorbitant and unjustifiable demand made by Harvard College on all Alumni who apply for the degree of Master of Arts. We are glad to witness the agitation of this subject. The College has no shadow of right on its side and nothing sanctions the abuse, for it is one, but a custom of which the origin has never been explained or is not remembered. It is a fee of office—a mere sinecure for the *which* there is no sufficient *what*,--pro quo, non quid. (That's splendid Latin and metits a Doctorate.)

Common sense would seem to dictate that after passing through the usual period of four years at College, complying with all statutes, paying all bills, and having given no cause for *expulsion*--one was entitled to a degree, as a matter of right; but not so—let your diligence have been ever so great, your attainments ever so exalted, your moral and religious character unimpeachable—you will not be graduated, nor entered as a Bachelor of Arts, until you have paid *seven dollars and fifty-cents!!!* and for what? for the Diploma? Certainly not—it is not worth a dollar. After three years, when the student has completed another course of studies, which fit him to enter on the duties of the profession he has chosen, he applies for the second degree. If he pay the College Treasurer *Ten* dollars it will be given to him, if not, he may whistle for it. The ten dollars is paid. He is going abroad, amongst strangers perhaps, where proof of his having had a collegiate education may be essentially necessary. If he pay the Treasurer $2,50 more he will receive a Dploima, otherwise he must go without one.

It is a plain question and an honest one, what right has the College to make these demands, or refuse the degrees until they are complied with? We can imagine none. It costs nothing to confer, although it may have cost much time and expense to earn them. The degrees are, in themselves, worthless, they neither make the student better nor worse, and he whose vanity prompts him to set value on an A. B. or A. M. or any other designating affix, which Colleges or courtesy have entitled him to use, cannot be a reflecting or a sensible man. Still it is, perhaps, proper and convenient, that he who has passed an academical career with honor and without reproach, should be *graduated* in some form, and this at the cost, if there be any, of his Alma Mater.

[We have long considered the confering a second degree upon all graduates of three years standing, who could have *ten dollars* to pay for it, as a very foolish and absurd practice of our venerable University—literary distinctions, to be of any value, should be conferred only on *literary merit.* Yet so far is this from being the case, as it regards the degree of Master of Arts, that the only requisite to entitle every graduate of the University to this degree, is that he *survive* his graduation three years, and that after the exhausting process of a college and professional education, he should be in funds to the amount of *ten dollars.* Verily, stripped of disguise, this appears to be nothing better than an expedient to wring from the pockets of the Alumni, the few dollars that may chance to remain there after the payment of all college expenses.

The question is often asked, "why, rich as the college is reputed to be, the price of an education there is so very high?" and it is a difficult one to answer to the satisfaction of the public. The interests of the community require, that this price should, if possible, be reduced, and, although the charges for degress are inconsiderable, compared with the whole amount of college expenses, it should be remembered that their expenses are made up mostly of small items, and that the reduction of a college bill a single dollar is so much gained to the cause of education. It is for this reason that we think it right to bring this subject before the public. We are aware that much has been done at Cambridge within a few years in the work of retrenchment, but we believe also, that much remains to be done, and that the work should not cease, so long as a single abuse remains to be corrected, or a single cent is paid unjustly or unnecessarily by the student.—*Yeo. Gaz.*]

1 See Thoreau's Writings (Walden ed.), VI, 138. Also Raymond Adams, "Thoreau's Diploma," A L, XVII, no.2 (May, 1945), pp. 174-175, and "Thoreau's Diploma" (Thoreau Society Booklet No. 5, Oct., 1948), which includes a facsimile of the A. B. Diploma.

2 Levi Farrall, the Steward, in his formal communication to the Corporation on Aug. 26, 1840, certified that 21 graduates of the Class of 1837 had paid the fee and were "so far entitled to the degree of Master of Arts." (College Papers, 2nd Ser., X, 97.)

3 Yeoman's Gazette, Concord, Mass., Sept. 1, 1832, page 2.

CONCORD TO ACQUIRE WALDEN DUMP SITE

Special to The New York Times.

CONCORD, Mass., Nov. 1—Defenders of the sanctity of Walden Pond as a literary shrine are faced with a new problem. The Concord Selectmen voted this week to begin eminent domain proceedings to acquire forty acres of land near the pond for use as a town dump.

The three-man board was acting on a mandate given at a recent special town meeting. By 603 to 38 the voters endorsed the site as a dump. The disposal problem in Concord is acute. A former dump site has been taken as the site for a new school.

The land is owned by a Boston real estate operator. Town officials said they expected to face a court fight before the land could be taken. Eminent domain is a procedure under which a government may buy privately owned land for the general welfare.

The proposed site is across the road from the Walden Pond area. It would be hidden by a buffer strip of trees.

A little more than a year ago, a group of persons obtained a temporary court injunction to prevent the Middlesex County Commissioners from completing a new beach and service road at the pond. The area was made famous by Henry David Thoreau, author, naturalist and philosopher, who spent two years of voluntary exile in the woods around Walden Pond about a hundred years ago.

New York Times, Nov. 2, 1958.

THE HARTFORD TIMES, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1958

Destruction of Historic Structures Deplored

By KENNETH SCHEIBEL
From The Times Bureau

Washington — Unless something is done soon many priceless landmarks of early American heritage may be lost.

This is a warning by Blake Clark in the Decmeber issue of Diplomat Magazine, in a article entitled "Wanton Disregard of Our Heritage."

It tells of instances where historic structures and landmarks are razed in the interests of "Progress" as the nation tries to do something about continuing growing pains.

"All over the country structures that help recreate our past are being sacrificed to make way for shopping centers, superhighways, skyscrapers and 'sub-topias,'" Mr. Clark reports. "Studies indicate that at least 25 per cent of the finest historic and architectural monuments that existed in the United States in 1941 have been destroyed."

* * *

MR. CLARK CLAIMS much of the destruction is "callous disregard" of cultural values.

Once residents of Charleston, S. C., pointed with pride to their orphan house chapel, designed in 1802 by Gabriel Manigault, one of the early American architects. It was important culturally but a mail-order house bought it and over protests of Charlestonians destoryed it to enlarge a parking lot.

Boscobel, a classical mansion dating from 1804, was a distinguished example of Hudson River architecture, located in Westchester County, N. Y., on the grounds of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Veterans Hospital.

In 1950 it was deteriorating. Local residents tried to save it. Government officials declared it surplus property, sold it for $35 to a wrecker. He tore it down.

* * *

MR. CLARK CLAIMS that a nation with no regard for its past will have little future worth remembering.

Children's books can not compare with the actual thing. No picture can compare with the Famers' Museum at Cooperstown, N. Y., for example, as a means of giving boys and girls the feel of rural living before the Civil War—The housewife churning and cooking, weavers fashioning fabric from wool or flax, the brawny blacksmith working red-hot iron, the country storekeeper cutting into a generous head of cheese—all create a vivid picture of the industrious men and women of the time.

HELP SAVE WALDEN POND

Breakfast Commentator - - Wes Lawrence

A Shrine We Must Preserve

A good many materials have gone into the building of the America we love, many of them as important to the maintenance of that America as they were in the erection of its foundations. One of these valuable materials, certainly, is the spirit of nonconformity which was best exemplified in the life and writings of Henry David Thoreau. As such national shrines as Mount Vernon, Monticello, Ticonderoga and Plymouth Rock have been lovingly preserved as symbols of other contributions to the building of our country, so has Walden Pond until recently been preserved as the symbol of Thoreau's contribution to the spiritual greatness of America. Some readers of this column may not be aware that Walden Pond is now threatened with virtual extinction as a reminder of Thoreau's philosophy. In the belief that many of those readers will wish to support efforts to prevent that loss I have asked and received from the Thoreau Society an up-to-date account of this threat to the spot where Thoreau built his little hut in 1845 and produced one of America's finest literary works.

* * *

From the time of Thoreau's death, the Emerson, Forbes and Heywood families who owned the Walden property cheerfully allowed the public to enjoy its waters and surroundings; but when the owners were no longer able to police it properly to prevent vandalism they gave the property in 1922 to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, stating in the deed that it was "the sole and exclusive purpose of this conveyance to aid the Commonwealth in preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands, for the public who wish to enjoy the pond, the woods and nature, including bathing, boating, fishing and picnicking." The care and custody of the area was vested in the Middlesex County Commissioners.

* * *

Since 1940, when it was formed, the Thoreau Society has visited Walden at its annual meetings, helped set up markers at the rediscovered site of Thoreau's hut, and has made suggestions about the care of the area. For some years there have been a public bathing beach and facilities at one end of the pond, but most of the land has remained a verdant if not always well-kept woodland. In May, 1957, the Massachusetts Legislature appropriated money for improvements at Walden, chiefly to make an extension of the natural sandy beach for swimming classes. Of a sudden it was noticed that the County Commissioners, to make this "improvement," had brought in chain saws and bulldozers and in three days had denuded one and a half acres of wooded hillside, destroying 150 trees and pushing the soil from this devastated area into the pond, altering the contour of the shore and leaving exposed a steep, barren, gravel bank between the pond and the highway. The Commissioners announced that they intended to build on the new beach a 100-foot-long concrete bathhouse and a winding 40-foot-wide hardtopped road. They also indicated plans for "face-lifting" the whole area. Of the cairn marking the site of Thoreau's hut, the chairman of the commission is quoted as saying: "That pile of rocks is an eyesore; I'd like to get it out of there."

* * *

Citizens of nearby Concord and Thoreau admirers from all over immediately protested, and the Thoreau Society appointed a Save Walden Committee. When it became evident that the County Commissioners were adamant, an injunction was asked to halt the building of the bathhouse and the road, and on Sept. 23, 1957, after viewing the site, Judge Edmund Ewing granted a temporary injunction and the right to sue the Commissioners. Several preliminary court hearings have been held since then, and the case will go to trial in the near future. The Thoreau Society hopes to establish a legal precedent which may halt similar desecrations of sites of natural beauty or historic and cultural significance, and to reassure owners who wish to give such property to the public for specific purposes.

* * *

A good many prominent Americans have joined in the protest. Henry Beetle Hough has eloquently stated what ought to be the policy in the treatment of Walden. "It should be as difficult," he said, "to destroy a tree at Walden as to impeach a president, and the values of Thoreau and Emerson should be consulted not only from year to year but from day to day by those responsible for Walden, whoever they may be."

* * *

Anticipating that many readers would ask what they could do to help preserve Walden Pond, I put the question to the Thoreau Society. Mrs. Herbert B. Hosmer of Concord, Mass., chairman of the Save Walden Committee, has written me that letters to officials are ineffectual at this point, that what the committee needs most of all is money for legal expenses. Any who wish to help in this way may address their assistance to the Thoreau Society's treasurer, Prof. Walter Harding, State University Teachers College, Geneseo, N. Y.

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1958

Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, XXII (1885), pp. 53–80.

THOREAU, FLAGG, AND BURROUGHS.

(An Essay read at a Meeting of the Essex Institute, March 16, 1885.)

BY W. G. BARTON.

We meet in life with successive revelations — minor conversions — when to our extended vision appear truths and beauties not clearly seen before; revelations poetic, æsthetic, religious, ethical, social, scientific, more or less marked according to temperament and circumstance. These three authors pulled cords which raised an obscuring curtain from between my eyes and what we call Nature. Thoreau pulled first and hardest. I was startled and puzzled, perhaps somewhat led astray, by his radical unconventionalism; but I believe no other author, unless Emerson, can bring his reader so very close to that great nature which both shuts us in and lures us forth; can make him so deeply feel the reality of her kinship to man — the actual existence of "the Oversoul" — of God, in both. And naturally there ensued a love for Burroughs's delectable books — books possessing a certain acute sensuousness, a power to titillate the mind by their marvellous aptness of expression, yet strong with keen accuracy of observation, and warm with a manly good-fellowship. It was inevitable, too, that the simple earnest books by dear old Wilson Flagg should come to my notice and become highly prized. In them were our very dooryards and gardens put into classic literary form — Beverly and Danvers embalmed in the choicest English, forming literature serene and dignified, yet graphic, exact, and entertaining.

For 45 years, from 1817 to 1862, lived the unique man, Henry David Thoreau. He graduated at Harvard College, taught school, helped his father make lead pencils, practised land-surveying, but was always and chiefly a scrutinizer of nature and of himself, and a ponderer upon the relations between the two. In Concord, Mass., he was born, spent the greater part of his life, and died — a bachelor of bachelors. He read studiously, even into the ancient classics and the sacred literature of the East. He wrote essays and poems for the periodicals, lectured, and kept a voluminous journal. During his life, two volumes of his writings were published: — *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* and *Walden*. The former comprises an introduction about the Concord River itself, and a series of chapters respectively entitled the names of the days of the week from Saturday to Friday inclusive, describing a boat voyage which Henry made with his well-beloved brother John from Concord, Mass., upon the Concord River, to Hooksett, N. H., upon the Merrimac, and back. They form a charming account of pleasant, unexciting adventure, enriched with fine descriptions, numerous quotations, scraps of original verse, and many digressions upon historical, philosophical, and other subjects. It was an ideal voyage such as summer loiterers upon river banks have dreamed of; and so poetic is this memorial of it, that, despite the photographic accuracy of the descriptive portions, we fancy the boat buoyed on thoughts instead of water, and its wonted appearance on calm days as if suspended in mid-air, a very fitting one. The other book, *Walden*, — the most important of all to a student of Thoreau — is a collection of eighteen essays suggested by the author's solitary residence for over two years in a cabin built by himself near Walden Pond, and which were for the most part written therein. This experiment

in living did not prove much. It provoked severe criticism, and has had to yield to much of it. But it has been greatly misunderstood. It was born of a high idea in which was naught of baseness or of laziness. This book contains some of its author's very best work in Natural History, and some of his most original observations and reflections.

Since Thoreau's death, seven volumes of his writings have been printed.

The Maine Woods is an interesting, unpretentious narrative of two trips into the forests of Maine.

Cape Cod is the result likewise of two trips into that unpromising corner of Massachusetts. It is, I believe, the most popular of Thoreau's books. It is very evident that the isolated position, sandy deserts, ocean views, and quaint people, of that region suited his genius. But Cape Codders didn't like it, whereas they should have been proud of it. They evidently have no ambition to be literary capital. They ask only that we buy their fish, eggs, and cranberries.

A Yankee in Canada includes, besides the record of a journey into those provinces, Thoreau's political speeches and writings and a critique upon Carlyle, which is especially worthy of examination at the present time.

The book called *Excursions* was edited by Emerson, who contributed to it a pithy biographical sketch of his friend. Among other papers it contains the notable ones —"Walking," "Wild Apples," and "Autumnal Tints."

Thoreau's *Letters* were also edited by Emerson, unfortunately, if it be true that Emerson's admiration for the stoical side of Henry's character led him to omit nearly all that might indicate a capacity for suffering or sympathizing. A friend of Thoreau once wrote me that Thoreau showed the world more of his head than of his heart, which I certainly hope is true for his heart's sake. At least it is quite certain that he did not need this neighborly posthumous help toward making him out a stoic. This book also contains some of his poems.

The last two books of the nine have recently appeared, being selections from the voluminous journal, edited by Mr. H. G. O. Blake. They are called *Early Spring in Massachusetts* and *Summer*. Happily these books reveal a little of Thoreau's heart. Their contents varies much in value and interest from page to page, passages of remarkable keenness and beauty being interspersed with others too trivial for printers' ink. I am glad to read all of it. I only fear lest, so much of the chaff having been here given us, some of the precious wheat may never appear.

Wilson Flagg, who died in 1884 in Cambridge, Mass., was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1805. He attended Phillips Academy and spent three months at Harvard. He studied medicine but never practised it. He wrote political articles, and afterward the works which bring him before us to-night. His first book was called *Studies in Field and Forest*. To the matter comprised in this volume much more was subsequently added, and the whole newly published in two volumes containing heliotype landscape pictures from photographs taken in our neighboring towns. These only indirectly illustrate the text, as no reference is made to them except in the table of contents. These books are standard New England classics for every household, and suited to be sent abroad for transatlantics to study. In a calm but earnest manner, with unrivaled literary ease and grace, they celebrate the natural scenery and objects of our dear New England. They were well christened *The Woods and By-ways of New England* and *The Birds and Seasons of New England*. The former contains short chapters upon all of our native trees and

shrubs, embowered in other and larger essays bearing such titles as "Forms and Expressions of Trees," "Homeliness of Nature," "Seclusion and Freedom," "Sounds from Trees," "Woodpaths." The latter book, after a similar plan, has chapters upon birds and their songs—some of which are expressed by musical notation,—an essay upon each month of the year, and other articles, such as—"The Anthem of Morn," "Picturesque Animals," "Simples and Simplers," "Clouds," "Old Roads," executed with exceeding care for expression and truth. The contents of these books are now published by Estes & Lauriat in three modest unillustrated volumes, entitled *Halcyon Days*, *A Year with the Birds*, and *A Year among the Trees*. No lover of the country can afford to be without these books. Flagg was in some respects inferior to both of the other authors; but if I could *own* the books of only one of the three, they should be Flagg's. He did not consider celibacy essential to a Priest of Nature, but was an affectionate husband for forty-four years. Yet he was much a recluse. In the sense in which Thoreau thought Nature enough for himself, we may say that Flagg found Nature and his family sufficient.

John Burroughs, who is still living, was born in Roxbury, N. Y., in 1837. If Thoreau be cold, and Flagg kindly and genial, here we have a flesh and blood fellow-mortal indeed. No solitary life for him. He is not like Hamlet, for man delights him and woman too. He marries before he is of age. Thoreau was locked up for not paying his poll-tax to a slavery-sustaining government. To be sure, slavery is dead, but we can hardly think of the government-despising Thoreau as willing to occupy like Burroughs responsible positions in the Treasury Department, or becoming a National Bank Examiner. Burroughs's first book was a little one called *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*. Of Whitman he is a friend and an enthusiastic admirer. His other books I will enumerate. Notice, if you please, how felicitous are their titles.

Wake Robin is the common name of the white trillium and the title of the most interesting book upon birds I ever read. Among its contents are "In the Hemlocks," "Adirondacs," "Birch Browsings."

Winter Sunshine I sometimes think his best book. Its essay upon walking, called "Exhilarations of the Road," is better than that by Thoreau. The essay upon the apple is a masterpiece of its kind. It is the complement of Thoreau's "Wild Apples." Together they form a unique and worthy tribute to this best fruit in the world. One thinks the literature of the subject — aside from that strictly horticultural — now complete. The latter portion of the book, "An October Abroad," is a sweet foretaste of the feast which has been spread for us in his last book.

Birds and Poets is about one-half devoted to literary criticism. Here we find the appreciative but discriminating articles upon Emerson, reprinted from *The Galaxy*. In this book Burroughs discourses of the cow as "Our Rural Divinity" in a way to charm and amuse any reader, unless he be one unable to associate anything but hard work with that animal.

Locusts and Wild Honey contains, among other essays, one upon strawberries to match that upon the apple; one upon bees; and a weather-wise one, entitled "Is it going to rain?," and beginning "I suspect that like most countrymen, I was born with a chronic anxiety about the weather." The rest is about wild wood life and the never failing birds.

Pepacton is named for the river of that name, a boat voyage upon which is the subject of the first chapter.

The best article in the book is "The Idyl of the Honey Bee," a fascinating account of the author's adventures hunting bee-trees.

Fresh Fields is his latest book. The fields are *old* — English and Scotch — but fresh to the writer, and made fresh indeed for his readers. Some of the chapters are "Nature in England," "A Hunt for the Nightingale," "In Wordsworth's Country," "British Fertility." To read this book is to open a cabinet, and within to see real and living pictures of English nature; hear the singing of the birds, and breathe the fragrance of the flowers. Here is a book about England herself, the material England — yet poetic and not geological — written by one who looks straight at things, and describes them as they appear to him. Do you think his treatment of the subject superficial? Yet how few have senses acute enough, and descriptive powers strong enough to write well of such "superficial" things. The tone of the book is as *real* as if its author had been a-berrying in Beverly or columbining in the Great Pasture this afternoon, and were telling us about his tramp. The British mud is on his boots, and an unwilted daisy in his mouth. Verily I thought before that England was in books, newspapers, and bills of exchange, but I have learned at last that there *is* a green, moist, teeming island over yonder, which one may stamp his foot upon without falling through, where one may hunt for birds and flowers, and not be wholly occupied with Free Trade, the Established Church, Gladstone, cathedrals, or even Stratford.

In considering these authors, I must be incomplete, and therefore necessarily somewhat unfair. A complete review of Thoreau would include a study of his egotistic, original, sensitive genius, his uncompromising allegiance to absolute principles, his political and social theories and experiments — in short himself; to Flagg's books I cannot do justice, or more than hint at the honor due them; and notice of Burroughs's work as a literary critic must be altogether omitted. Each has peculiar merits, and my comparisons, I hope, will not be odious. I thought by presenting these authors in one paper, I could more easily bring out the several characteristics of their writings, and awaken further curiosity in them. With your permission, I will read from each author a few selections which can, of course, but imperfectly illustrate their methods or my ideas, but to which I ask your careful attention.

The first selections are from Thoreau's "Winter Walk." Thoreau is not bound by his subject but digresses freely, although this will hardly appear in the short passages we quote. The "Winter Walk" is smoother in style than much which Thoreau has written. His style is quite irregular, generally of sturdy Saxon strength, very often excellent, here and there seriously marred by mannerisms, and sometimes crude and awkward. Notice in particular the perfection of the opening sentence and its fine alliterations. You will perceive even in this selection indication of what, for want of a better word, we will call mysticism, marking the "philosopher," and one or two classical allusions suggesting the scholar.

The wind has gently murmured through the blinds, or puffed with feathery softness against the windows, and occasionally sighed like a summer zephyr lifting the leaves along, the livelong night. The meadow-mouse has slept in his snug gallery in the sod, the owl has sat in a hollow tree in the depth of the swamp, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the fox have all been housed. The watch-dog has lain quiet on the hearth, and the cattle have stood silent in their stalls. The earth itself has slept, as it were its first, not its last sleep, save when some street-sign or wood-house door has faintly creaked upon its hinge, cheering forlorn nature at her midnight work,— the only sound awake

twixt Venus and Mars,— advertising us of a remote inward warmth, a divine cheer and fellowship, where gods are met together, but where it is very bleak for men to stand. But while the earth has slumbered, all the air has been alive with feathery flakes descending, as if some northern Ceres reigned, showering her silvery grain over all the fields.

Again, for an example of those bits of description for which Thoreau is noted, phrases or sentences very simple in themselves but exactly applicable to some familiar object or scene, seldom or never before spoken of in literature,— something we have often noticed but never quite conceived. (Burroughs has a similar habit practised more rhetorically).

We sleep, and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window-sill; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impressive. The floor creaks under our feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields.

This knack is not so much the happy choice of words as the capture of the elusive idea.

Farther along we read of the "sharp, clear creak of the wood-sled, just starting for the distant market, from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble."

Thoreau is ever trying to learn some stoical lesson from Nature, some severe ethics, refined and intangible. "Probably if our lives were more conformed to nature, we should not need to defend ourselves against her heats and colds, but find her our constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds." Farther on—"A cold and searching wind drives away all contagion, and nothing can withstand it but what has a virtue in it; and accordingly, whatever we meet with in cold and bleak places, as the tops of mountains, we respect for a sort of sturdy innocence, a Puritan toughness." This is very characteristic and is often carried to an extreme. What men dislike, that surely must be virtue, according to this man. The Matterhorn in its sublime, eternal resistance — *it* stands for righteousness. When Thoreau rides his highest horse, his perverseness makes the reader contrary, and one prefers the poor fool who has drank himself tipsy with sociability at the tavern to this half-cynical philosopher who takes his cold and lonely draught from Walden Pond and thanks himself he is not as the publicans.

Over roads and fields, frozen swamps and rivers, and into the woods, this morning winter-walker takes us, musing and talking as he goes.

But now, while we have loitered, the clouds have gathered again, and a few straggling snow-flakes are beginning to descend. Faster and faster they fall, shutting out the distant objects from sight. The snow falls on every wood and field, and no crevice is forgotten; by the river and the pond, on the hill and in the valley. Quadrupeds are confined to their coverts, and the birds sit upon their perches this peaceful hour. There is not so much sound as in fair weather, but silently and gradually every slope, and the gray walls and fences, and the polished ice, and the sere leaves, which were not buried before, are concealed, and the tracks of men and beasts are lost. With so little effort does nature reassert her rule and blot out the traces of men.

Let us turn to "January" by Flagg. "The exhilaration of mind attending a winter walk in the fields and woods, when the earth is covered with snow, surpasses any emotion of the kind which is produced by the appearance of Nature at other seasons." As illustrated by this sentence, Flagg is in the habit of theorizing about and analyzing the effect of scenes upon the human mind in general. Why does this please or that displease? His style is finished and orderly, very unvarying. He seldom digresses, makes few classical allusions, and has not many short striking passages. He is never obscure, as Thoreau often is. He is careful not to overstate or understate. Thoreau and Burroughs purposely overstate. Flagg is perfectly self-possessed. In his books, correspondence, and con-

versation, his strong assurance was accompanied by gentleness of manner. Notice the cadence and the logical sequence of the following:

It is pleasant to watch the progress and movements of a snow-storm while the flakes are thickly falling from the skies, and the drifts are rapidly accumulating along the sides of the fences and in the lanes and hollows. The peculiar motion of the winds, while eddying and whirling over the varied surface of the ground, is rendered more apparent than by any other phenomenon. Every curve and every irregular twisting of the wind is made palpable, to a degree that is never witnessed in the whirling leaves of autumn, in the sand of the desert, or in the dashing spray of the ocean. The appearance is less exciting when the snow descends through a perfectly still atmosphere, but after its cessation we may witness a spectacle of singular beauty. If there has been no wind to disturb the snow-flakes as they were deposited on the branches of the trees, to which they adhere, they hang from them like a drapery of muslin; then do we see throughout the woods the mimic splendor of June; and the plumage of snow suspended from the branches revives in fancy's eye the white clustering blossoms of the orchards in early summer.

Sometimes when the woods are fully wreathed in snow-flakes, and the earth is clothed in an interminable robe of ermine, the full moon rises upon the landscape and illumines the whole scene with a kind of unearthly splendor . . . And when the early rays of morning penetrate these feathery branches and spread over the white and spotless hills of snow a rosy tinge, like the hues that burnish the clouds at sunset, and kindle amid the glittering fleece that is wreathed around the branches all the changeable colors of the rainbow, we are tempted to exclaim that the summer landscape with all its verdure and fruits and flowers was never more lovely than this transitory scene of beauty. Yet the brilliancy of this spectacle, like the rainbow in heaven, passes away almost while we are gazing on its fantastic splendor. A brisk current of wind scatters from the branches, like the fading leaves of autumn, all the false honors that have garlanded the forests, and in an hour they have disappeared forever.

We now turn to an article by Burroughs in *The Century* called "A Snow Storm." With his habit of accuracy and sharp though good-natured criticism, he begins by finding fault with Emerson's well-known line "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky" in these words: "The preparations of a snow-storm are, as a rule, gentle and quiet; a marked hush pervades both the earth and the sky. The movements of the celestial forces are muffled as if the snow already paved the way of their coming." This sentence contains a characteristic metaphor or fancy — one which will not bear analysis,— does not stand upon four legs (which fact Burroughs knows well enough), but which makes the desired impression. His writings abound in original conceits and fancies. The peeping frogs, he says, cause an impenetrable maze or cloud of shrill musical voices to rise from each marshy hollow. The trout brook has, by absorbing the shadows, become itself a denser shade. Thoreau introduces similar fancies, and oftener strains a point, as "the bluebird with her warble in the Spring drills the ice" which is poor—and others worse. But here is another from Thoreau, just as essentially untrue, which does great service in expressing the idea. "The sharp whistle of the blackbird too is heard like single sparks, or a shower of them, shot up from the swamp and seen against the dark winter in the rear." But, to return to our selection: Burroughs writes with a push and energy, astir, alert, jogging you, holding you, a quality very distinct from a sort of listless docility common to Thoreau when describing, and from Flagg's thoughtful tranquillity and gliding fluency. He describes here a typical snow-storm. I choose passages here and there. "The first flake or flakelet that reached me was a mere white speck that came idly circling and eddying to the ground. I could not see it after it alighted. It might have been a scale from the feather of some passing bird, or a larger mote in the air that the stillness was allowing to settle. Yet it was the altogether inaudible and infinitesimal trumpeter that announced the coming storm," etc. "But wait a little; it gets coarser by and by . . before one o'clock it is snowing steadily." "As the day declines the storm waxes, the wind increases,

and the snow fall thickens. Then comes that 'tumultuous privacy of storm' of Emerson's famous lines, which you feel outside as well as in. Out of doors you seem in a vast tent of snow; the distance is shut out, near by objects are hidden; there is a white curtain above you and white screens about you, and you feel housed and secluded in storm. Your friend leaves your door and he is wrapped away in white obscurity, caught up in a cloud, and his footsteps are obliterated."

Burroughs is vivid and dramatic. He aims not at finish but at force. Everything available for conveying his impression to you is used. He does not fear exclamations, strong figures, or colloquialisms. He is a rapid painter with a bold, free touch. For the same thought he tries phrase after phrase as an artist tries brighter and brighter shades to produce a desired effect. In the following paragraph does he not put his own very life into the scene and make it in print forever alive for his readers?

As the sun went down and darkness fell, the storm impulse reached its full. It became a wild conflagration of wind and snow; the world was wrapt in frost flame; it enveloped one, and penetrated his lungs and caught away his breath like a blast from a burning city. How it whipped around and under every cover and searched out every crack and crevice, sifting under the shingles in the attic, darting its white tongue under the kitchen door, puffing its breath down the chimney, roaring through the woods, stalking like a sheeted ghost across the hills, bending in white and ever changing forms above the fences, sweeping across the plains, whirling in eddies behind the buildings, or leaping spitefully up their walls—in short, taking the world entirely to itself and giving a loose rein to its desire.

This is a good example of one of Burroughs's great, here almost majestic, bursts of description. There are many scattered through his books—bold flights well sustained. *Pepacton* contains a good deal upon winter scenery, and in "Snow-walkers" we find such writing as this: "Here is another rain and another dew, water that will not flow nor spill, nor receive the taint of an unclean vessel;" and "How novel and fine the first drifts!"

In Thoreau's *Summer* is a remarkable description of the bobolink's song. "I hear the note of a bobolink concealed in the top of an apple-tree behind me. Though this bird's full strain is ordinarily somewhat trivial, this one appears to be meditating a strain as yet unheard in meadow or orchard." Here you perceive the mystical tendency, which appears again farther on. The style of this selection is much like Burroughs, especially in the use of the word "bespattered." No one who has heard the song can doubt the power and the truth of this apparently fanciful description.

He is just touching the strings of his theorbo, his glassichord, his water organ, and one or two notes globe themselves and fall in liquid bubbles from his tuning throat. It is as if he touched his harp within a vase of liquid melody, and when he lifted it out the notes fell like bubbles from the trembling strings. Methinks they are the most liquidly sweet and melodious sounds I ever heard. They are as refreshing to my ear as the first distant tinkling and gurgling of a rill to a thirsty man. Oh, never advance farther in your art; never let us hear your full strain, sir! But away he launches, and the meadow is all bespattered with melody. Its notes fall with the apple blossoms in the orchard. The very divinest part of his strain drops from his overflowing breast *singultim*, in globes of melody. It is the foretaste of such strains as never fell on mortal ears, to hear which we should rush to our doors and contribute all that we possess and are. Or it seemed as if in that vase full of melody some notes sphered themselves, and from time to time bubbled up to the surface, and were with difficulty repressed.

Of the same bird Flagg writes:

There is not a singing-bird in New England that enjoys the notoriety of the bobolink. He is like a rare wit in our social or political circles. Everybody is talking about him and quoting his remarks, and all are delighted with his company. He is not without great merits as a songster; but he is well known and admired because he is showy, noisy, and flippant, and sings only in the open field, and frequently while poised on the wing, so that any one who hears can see him and know who is the author of the strains that afford so much delight.

In the next paragraph mark the phrase "we cannot look at him without fancying." Flagg tells us when he is fancying; Burroughs knows he is fancying, but does not inform the reader; while Thoreau often seems to consider his fancies to be inspirations and especially profound ones vouchsafed to him alone. Flagg writes:

He is plainly the merriest of all the feathered creation, almost continually in motion, and singing on the wing apparently in the greatest ecstasy of joy. There is not a plaintive strain in his whole performance. Every sound is as merry as the laugh of a young child, and we cannot listen to him without fancying him engaged in some jocose raillery of his companions. If we suppose him to be making love, we cannot look upon him as very deeply enamored, but rather as highly delighted with his spouse and overflowing with rapturous admiration. If we regard him as an orator, it must be allowed that he is unsurpassed in fluency and rapidity of utterance; if only as a musician, that he is unrivalled in brilliancy of execution. . . .

I cannot look upon him as ever in a very serious humor. He seems to be a lively, jocular little fellow, who is always jesting and bantering; and when half a dozen different individuals are sporting about in the same orchard, I can imagine they might represent the persons dramatized in some comic opera. The birds never remain stationary upon a bough, singing apparently for their own solitary amusement; they are ever in company, passing to and fro, often beginning their song upon the extreme end of an appie-tree bough, then suddenly taking flight and singing the principal part while balancing themselves on the wing.

The bobolink stirs the humor and the copious vocabulary of Burroughs. For instance:

He affords the most marked example of exuberant pride, and a glad, rollicking, holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and, unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gayly into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and the matches all settled; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say, *'Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun, Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow, see, see, see!'*

At the approach of the breeding season . . . his small, compact form becomes broad and conspicuous, and his ordinary flight is laid aside for a mincing, affected gait, in which he seems to use only the very tips of his wings. It is very noticeable what a contrast he presents to his mate at this season, not only in color but in manners, she being as shy and retiring as he is forward and hilarious. Indeed, she seems disagreeably serious and indisposed to any fun or jollity, skurrying away at his approach, and apparently annoyed at every endearing word and look.

"Mincing, affected gait"—what pertinent adjectives! He is prodigal of adjectives. The word "skurrying," so very effective, would have been too much for Flagg. The words "full tilt" in the following extract are of the same sort:

In New Jersey it has one song: on the Hudson a slight variation of the same, and on the high grass lands of the interior of the State, quite a different strain,—clearer, more distinctly articulated, and running off with more sparkle and liltingness. It reminds one of the clearer mountain air and the translucent spring water of those localities. I never could make out what the bobolink says in New Jersey, but in certain districts in this State his enunciation is quite distinct. Sometimes he begins with the word *gegue, gegue.* Then again, more fully, *be true to me, Clarsy, be true to me, Clarsy, Clarsy*, thence full tilt into his inimitable song, interspersed in which the words *kick your slipper, kick your slipper*, and *temperance, temperance* (the last with a peculiar nasal resonance), are plainly heard.

Thoreau loved the *wild*—the untamable spirit in himself, the untamed things in Nature; and quite naturally while Burroughs calls an essay "Apples," Thoreau heads his "*Wild* Apples." He begins in a historical vein. Then he considers the insects, birds, and quadrupeds, which welcomed the apple-tree to our shores. He has much to say of the fragrance and flavor of the fruit:

As you are going by orchards and gardens, especially in the evenings, you pass through a little region possessed by the fragrance of ripe apples, and thus enjoy them without price and without robbing anybody.

There is thus about all natural products a certain volatile and ethereal quality which represents their highest value, and which cannot be vulgarized, or bought and sold. No mortal has ever enjoyed the perfect flavor of any fruit, and only the godlike among men begin to taste its ambrosial qualities.

He describes how the wild apple-tree develops, neglected by man and cropped by the browsing cattle. He loves the sour and acrid flavor of this poor, wild fruit, partly because of its romantic associations, and partly because he enjoys being a martyr. But he admits they can only be eaten out of doors.

But it is remarkable that the wild apple, which I praise as so spirited and racy when eaten in the fields or woods, being brought into the house, has frequently a harsh and crabbed taste. The Saunterer's apple not even the saunterer can eat in the house. The palate rejects it there, as it does haws and acorns, and demands a tamed one: for there you miss the November air, which is the sauce it is to be eaten with.

Again—"What is sour in the house a bracing walk makes sweet. Some of these apples might be labelled 'To be eaten in the wind'." A page or more entitled "Their Beauty" is so fine I must give it all:

Almost all wild apples are handsome. They cannot be too gnarly and crabbed and rusty to look at. The gnarliest will have some redeeming traits even to the eye. You will discover some evening redness dashed or sprinkled on some protuberance or in some cavity. It is rare that the summer lets an apple go without streaking or spotting it on some part of its sphere. It will have some red stains, commemorating the mornings and evenings it has witnessed; some dark and rusty blotches, in memory of the clouds and foggy, mildewy days that have passed over it; and a spacious field of green reflecting the general face of Nature,— green even as the fields; or a yellow ground, which implies a milder flavor,—yellow as the harvest, or russet as the hills.

Apples, these I mean, unspeakably fair,—apples not of Discord, but of Concord! Yet not so rare but that the homeliest may have a share. Painted by the frosts, some a uniform clear bright yellow, or red, or crimson, as if their spheres had regularly revolved, and enjoyed the influence of the sun on all sides alike,—some with the faintest pink blush imaginable,—some brindled with deep red streaks like a cow, or with hundreds of fine blood-red rays running regularly from the stem-dimple to the blossom-end, like meridional lines, on a straw-colored ground,—some touched with a greenish rust, like a fine lichen, here and there, with crimson blotches or eyes more or less confluent and fiery when wet,—and others gnarly, and freckled or peppered all over on the stem side with fine crimson spots on a white ground, as if accidentally sprinkled from the brush of Him who paints the autumn leaves. Others, again, are sometimes red inside, perfused with a beautiful blush, fairy food, too beautiful to eat,—apple of the Hesperides, apple of the evening sky! But like shells and pebbles on the sea-shore, they must be seen as they sparkle amid the withering leaves in some dell in the woods, in the autumnal air, or as they lie in the wet grass, and not when they have wilted and faded in the house.

Wilson Flagg's love for the spontaneous probably never led him to relish *wild* apples, or to imagine he did. Nor did he, like Burroughs, love eating well enough to celebrate Baldwins and Pippins. But in his book upon trees he writes very finely upon "Old Orchards."

Burroughs does certainly have a belief in the gratification of the senses—a wholesome epicureanism. Witness the essay upon the strawberry and this one upon the apple. Given these three men and three saucers of strawberries: Burroughs would eat his eagerly, smack his lips, and, if urged, try more. Thoreau would eat a few with great deliberation. If two satisfied his *mind* he would stop without regard to his *stomach*. If they were Wilsons he might continue for discipline. Flagg would eat some of his, possibly all of them, unless the hour were unseasonable.

From Burroughs on the apple it is hard to quote, for it is all quotable. It is all spirited and racy, though not strained or stilted. He is filled with his subject (possibly in two senses), and writes with a rush, careful in retouching not to mar the spontaneous appearance nor weaken idiomatic phrases. So absorbing does he become when

at his best, that we forget style, forget we are reading, and are borne swiftly along the pages. The words become a transparent medium through which the reality is seen. I choose a few passages here and there:

Not a little of the sunshine of our northern Winter is surely wrapped up in the apple.

The apple is the commonest and yet the most varied and beautiful of fruits. A dish of them is as becoming to the centre-table in winter as was the vase of flowers in the summer,— a bouquet of spitzenbergs and greenings and northern spies. A rose when it blooms, the apple is a rose when it ripens. It pleases every sense to which it can be addressed, the touch, the smell, the sight, the taste; and when it falls in the still October days it pleases the ear. It is a call to a banquet, it is a signal that the feast is ready. The bough would fain hold it, but it can now assert its independence; it can now live a life of its own.

Daily the stem relaxes its hold, till finally it lets go completely and down comes the painted sphere with a mellow thump to the earth, toward which it has been nodding so long. It bounds away to seek its bed, to hide under a leaf, or in a tuft of grass. It will now take time to meditate and ripen! What delicious thoughts it has there nestled with its fellows under the fence, turning acid into sugar, and sugar into wine!

How pleasing to the touch. I love to stroke its polished rondure with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills, or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you salmon-fleshed greening! I toy with you; press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks. You are so alive! You glow like a ruddy flower. You look so animated I almost expect to see you move! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful! How compact; how exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun and varnished against the rains. An independent vegetable existence, alive and vascular as my own flesh; capable of being wounded, bleeding, wasting away, or almost repairing damages!

Is there any other fruit that has so much facial expression as the apple? What boy does not more than half believe they can see with that single eye of theirs? Do they not look and nod to him from the bough? The swaar has one look, the rambo another, the spy another.

The genuine apple-eater comforts himself with an apple in their season as others with a pipe or cigar. When he has nothing else to do, or is bored, he eats an apple," etc., etc.

As "The Apple" may be thought Burroughs's best single essay, so I am disposed to say that "Autumnal Tints" is the best of Thoreau's. It is an exhaustive account of the tints which the various trees assume in the Fall. He begins with the grasses, devotes several pages to praise of the brilliant poke or garget, and then regards each important tree and shrub of his native place. Though so very true to nature, the article is certainly worthy to be called a poem. Read it once and you will wonder why each person of intelligence does not read it every Autumn. I am embarrassed by its riches. Every page claims my attention; but a few striking passages must suffice:

October is the month for painted leaves. Their rich glow now flashes round the world. As fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight.

The whole tree thus ripening in advance of its fellows attains a singular preëminence, and sometimes maintains it for a week or two. I am thrilled at the sight of it, bearing aloft its scarlet standard for the regiment of green-clad foresters around. and I go half a mile out of my way to examine it. A single tree becomes thus the crowning beauty of some meadowy vale, and the expression of the whole surrounding forest is at once more spirited for it.

Others of more irregular form . . . seem to rest heavily flake on flake, like yellow and scarlet clouds, wreath upon wreath, or like snow-drifts driving through the air, stratified by the wind.

. . the elms are at the height of their autumnal beauty, great brownish-yellow masses, warm from their September ovens, hanging over the highway.

. . when the morning wind rises, the leaves come down in denser showers than ever. They suddenly form thick beds or carpets on the ground, in this gentle air, or even without wind, just the size and form of the tree above. Some trees, as small Hickories, appear to have dropped

their leaves instantaneously, as a soldier grounds arms at a signal; and those of the Hickory, being bright yellow still, though withered, reflect a blaze of light from the ground where they lie.

A queen might be proud to walk where these gallant trees have spread their bright cloaks in the mud. I see wagons roll over them as a shadow or a reflection, and the drivers heed them just as little as they did their shadows before.

I find my boat all covered, bottom and seats, with the leaves of the Golden Willow . . I do not regard them as litter to be swept out," etc.

Speaking of the sugar maple, he writes:

They are remarkable for the contrast they often afford of deep blushing red on one half and green on the other. They become at length dense masses of rich yellow with a deep scarlet blush, or more than blush, on the exposed surfaces.

The scarlet oak seems to be his favorite and he gives a beautiful description of the appearance of that tree in the autumn, but we can only quote the following:

It seems to say—'I am the last to blush, but I blush deeper than any of ye. I bring up the rear in my red coat. We Scarlet ones, alone of Oaks, have not given up the fight.'

Flagg gives us no such glowing panorama. Each tree is described in its place, but there is an essay called "Autumn Woods" which is quite fine in its own way, if it pales before the one just considered. It is hardly right to quote from such a seamless fabric.

Dim lights spring up daily among the shadows of the trees, and grove, copse, and thicket suffer a gradual metamorphosis. The woods are illuminated by such an array of colors that their late dark recesses appear to have the brightness of sunshine. Where a few days since there was but a shady obscurity of faded green, there gleams a luminous beauty from myriads of tinted leaves. As the twilight of the year comes on, the trees appear one after another in their new garniture, like the clouds of evening, as sunset deepens into darkness.

In speaking of the unique colors of the ash, he says:

It begins with a general impurpling of the whole mass of foliage nearly at the same time, and its gradual changes remind one of those in sea-mosses during the process of bleaching. . . They are first of a dark bronze, turning from this to a chocolate, then to a violet brown, and finally to a salmon color or yellow with a slight shade of lilac. . . neither crimson nor any shade of scarlet is ever seen in the ash.

Burroughs has not written especially of autumnal foliage.

Flagg is so little of a humorist that we need not consider him in that respect. Thoreau is more a wit than a humorist, and his humor is very apt to be sarcastic. Burroughs is a true humorist, when he is one at all. He has *his* laugh and gives us *ours*, when there is no great wit manifest. He is impatient with people who never get beyond a smile. He does not think a social, contagious, hearty laugh, even when it is out of proportion to the joke, a thing to be ashamed of. Thoreau knew that people would be amused at those actions which would now be called "cranky." His chapter on the bean-field is full of his fun. Seven miles of beans he cultivated, for self-culture, each row fifteen rods long. The whole crop, from two and one-half acres of virgin, unmanured soil, consisting of beans and a few potatoes, pease, and turnips, netted him between eight and nine dollars. He joins in your smiles. Of Spring he says "March fans it, April christens it, May puts on its jacket and trousers." The golden-winged woodpecker utters his notes in the spring woods, and Thoreau compares him to a family returning to an empty house.

The doors are thrown open, and children go screaming through the hall. So the flicker dashes through the aisles of the grove, throws up a window here and cackles out of it, and then there, airing the house.

Rivers eat into the bank on one side and grow shallower upon the other. So he says: "Thus in the course of ages the river wriggles in its bed till it feels comfortable." His puns provoke groans; Walden pond is *walled in* by the

stones of its banks. The rise of the water kills off the trees, and the shores are *shorn*.

Burroughs has a good deal of drollery. As my last selection I quote, as a specimen of his humor, a passage from his essay on the cow.

"I cherish the memory of this cow, however, as the most affectionate brute I ever knew. Being deprived of her calf, she transferred her affections to her master, and would fain have made a calf of him, lowing in the most piteous and inconsolable manner when he was out of her sight, hardly forgetting her grief long enough to eat her meal, and entirely neglecting her beloved husks. Often in the middle of the night she would set up that sonorous lamentation and continue it till sleep was chased from every eye in the household. This generally had the effect of bringing the object of her affection before her, but in a mood anything but filial or comforting. Still, at such times a kick seemed a comfort to her, and she would gladly have kissed the rod that was the instrument of my midnight wrath.

But her tender star was destined soon to a fatal eclipse. Being tied with too long a rope on one occasion during my temporary absence, she got her head into the meal barrel, and stopped not till she had devoured nearly half a bushel of dry meal. The singularly placid and benevolent look that beamed from the meal-besmeared face when I discovered her was something to be remembered. For the first time also her spinal column came near assuming a horizontal line. [Her backbone naturally curved.]

But the grist proved too much for her frail mill, and her demise took place on the third day, not of course without some attempt to relieve her on my part. I gave her, as is usual in such emergencies, everything I "could think of," and everything my neighbors could think of, besides some fearful prescriptions which I obtained from a German veterinary surgeon, but to no purpose.

The student of Thoreau's writings, at once so objective and inductive and so subjective and transcendental, finds himself involved in a study of the man. Much that Thoreau wrote can be understood only in the light of his character. The beginner with him will be puzzled, may be shocked, possibly so enraged or disgusted as to drop him altogether. One should commence cautiously, say with *Cape Cod*, "Autumnal Tints", or the description of the ponds in *Walden*. He is bracing and tonic. Perhaps if you dislike him it is partly because he has awakened your conscience. He lets you off easy in the matter of attending church or giving to the poor; but I do believe that the nerve which his probe touches in the mind is quite often the Spirit of God. Thoreau believes the most strongly in the unseen, and I like him for that. This heathen, so scornful of churches and creeds, we find far more Christian on certain sides than many Christians. Is he too literally consistent with what the ministers say when they exaggerate? Thoreau had a true deep soul sadly uncultivated on the human side. That element of Christianity which has guarded against sensuality, fostered closet devotion and self-examination, which has declared seen things temporal, which has developed rankly into asceticism and penance, found response in Thoreau. The Kingdom of God was within him—too much within him. These things are the bones of Christianity. We so miss the last and greatest of the three graces in his heart, that, religiously considered, much that he wrote seems to us as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. With only the temptations from trees, sky, and woodchucks, who could not be truthful, absolute? The problem of life is not how should the abstract man hitch his wagon to a star, but how shall we concrete men live, surrounded by and embedded in so much that is false, relative, and temporary. It is a nobler, braver work to set men an example of how to live true to principle, in affairs, with business, family, responsibility, than to teach them how they might thus live provided they renounced these things.

Thoreau is seldom or never enthusiastic. Or rather his enthusiasm is reversed and negative. He, the inflexible Thoreau, will be on his guard and not be moved, much less plunge in head foremost like Burroughs. Yet I do not retract what I have said, that there is something listless

about him. But it is subordinate to a self-control and within it. It is a sort of quietism, a waiting for the Spirit, like Emerson's. But he would grow suspicious did the Spirit move too deeply. In his *feelings* he is no slouch. He stands erect, so erect that he bends backward. Extremes meet in him. He is a greater paradox than any he wrote. He takes such pains to be well-balanced that he becomes ill-balanced. How cunning is Satan! No luxury for him—so he luxuriates in his frugality. No compromises—so he stands aloof from his kind. No hypocrisy—but in its place a sincerity so perfect that tenderness is forgotten, *no* preferred to *yes*. No weak dependence—but a stern, forbidding self-sufficiency. Sincerity becomes an idol. Must not a gospel be for the weak and the wayward as much as for the strong and the circumspect? His life was better than his preaching. Such individualism logically carried out would I fear produce a fiend as soon as a saint.

Wilson Flagg wrote, "my object is to inspire my readers with a love of nature and simplicity of life, confident that the great fallacy of the present age is that of mistaking the increase of the national wealth for the advancement of civilization." His essay on the Domestic Scenery of New England, strikes, as it were, the common chord of the key in which his books are composed. He does not advocate a hollow tree, pignuts, or absorption into the Infinite. But he believes happiness is oftener acquired by habits of contentment and simplicity than by feverish ambition and ostentatious display. He especially decries landscape gardening, trimmed hedges, and all tawdriness and gaudiness. He aims at a clear and correct description of the "country," as we understand that term — the old winding roads bordered with spontaneous shrubbery, the stonewalls, meadows, woods, rivers, berry pastures, farm-houses, barns, well-sweeps, little wayside shoe-shops, school-houses, flowers, birds, and trees. He may be formal and old-fashioned in style — more like Irving or Addison than most modern writers, but he is a gentleman of the old school, urbane, and uniformly courteous toward his reader. Burroughs becomes almost impertinently familiar, Thoreau actually saucy. Flagg maintains his equilibrium without effort. He fires no rockets, utters no prophecy, but betrays an earnest purpose. He scoffeth not, but cannot suppress a curl of the lip at the efforts of the rich to feed upon show and the poor upon the imitation of it. But most of his satire is between the lines. He is much more comprehensive than Thoreau or Burroughs, noticing all the important features of the scenery and seasons of eastern Massachusetts. He is suited for all readers and for all moods. He is not sombre, but his cheer is so grave that one could read his books in hours of trouble or affliction, when Burroughs's loud exclamations and playfulness might pain, and Thoreau's paradoxes and humbuggery disgust. He wears well. Burroughs at first perusal is bewitching. But the witchery of a passage is soon exhausted and only renewed for us when time has dimmed our recollection of it, so that we may be surprised again. Burroughs never wrote a dull word. They are all pungent, to the point, unerring, like Carlyle's. He has no especial philosophy or ethics to inculcate. He does not trip over the relative in grasping for the absolute. His aim is to warmly convey his sensuous impression to the reader. With exuberance of animal spirits, he plunges into his subject, confident that you will follow. What he feels you shall share. He is neither dry — meaning prosy — nor dry in his jokes, but juicy, unctuous, lush, hearty. His cheek flushes, and he is not ashamed, but looks for the answering color in yours. At adjectives, especially those which personify, imply force and activity, he is a very master. In his use of words, he

illustrates the great unity of all things — the mystery, the poetry, which makes it right to apply the adjective *soft* to a substance, a surface, water, a sound, color, touch, remark, or a man, or whereby fire, cheeks, words, eyes, feelings, thoughts may be said to *burn*. He writes when he enjoys it, and then I think rapidly. But he must carefully revise for words. At this he hints when he says of the strawberry, "Let me not be afraid of overpraising it, but probe and probe for words to hint at its supreme virtues." Is there anything artificial or feverish in this expressiveness? It is very entertaining, and yet, — I hesitate to speak it — we do once in a while tire just a little. Notwithstanding these qualities, he is, I think, the most correct of the three in his statement of actual fact. Thoreau sees the *full* moon at noon, and Flagg hears cicadas chirping on Autumn evenings, but I have not caught him napping.

Thoreau rouses, awakens; Flagg soothes and comforts; Burroughs stimulates and gratifies. Thoreau seeks too much within himself for intuitions, and is more or less erratic in his course. Flagg looks at Nature, meditates, and gives us a consecutive, steadily flowing product. Burroughs sees, hears, smells, feels, fancies, thinks, and bursts forth copious and rich. Thoreau generalizes, finds analogies between the seen and the unseen. Flagg and Burroughs mostly let the mysteries rest. Burroughs speaks of self when it serves his purpose; Flagg very seldom; Thoreau flaunts it. Flagg is not very quotable in short passages. Thoreau has many odd thoughts, quaint expressions, and picturesque bits. Burroughs has new ways of saying things and abounds in "pat" phrases. Thoreau makes you lonesome, and you confer with your neighbor about him. Burroughs is so confidential and personal that you take him to your bosom rather greedily and are jealous of your neighbor's equal admiration. Flagg is very sane and wholesome, salad for the solitary or for a roomful. Flagg we call soup, bread, meat; so are the others in a measure, but Thoreau is also nectar, ambrosia, and bitters, while Burroughs affords the sweets and condiments.

Thoreau's love for Nature is his deepest feeling and yet Platonic. He is joined to her in spiritual wedlock— the carnal eliminated. But *he* is the feminine and receptive element. *She* is the fertilizing force. He believes in her spirituality, as it were personality, listens for her voice, awaits her instructions, is even misled by her, is *one possessed*. His nearness to her is occasionally almost solemn—when he catches a glimpse of a something which the reader almost sees, a hushed, mysterious, silent, awful order, almost consciousness, as of mind, in her and not of him.

Burroughs's love for nature is not Platonic, is not so deep, but is more passionate and more intermittent. He believes not in her spirituality. Her only reality is scientific, he says, the rest is in his own mind. He is not awed by her. He courts her, he loves and possesses her as a honeymoon husband his bride, and to his hyperbole and metaphor she seems to assent.

Flagg is hardly wedded. But what an acquaintance with the dame! broad and intimate if not familiar. Many a marriage doth not involve so sweet a friendship.

Let us cultivate a love for nature by communing with those who love her; but let us not mistake poetic emotion or artistic feeling for religion, or think a high degree of culture attained if our moral sense or our neighbor have been ignored. Perhaps the benevolent affirmations of Nature outweigh her malevolent negations; but natural religion alone is thin diet. These walkers in the fields teach us great things. But we should not be in haste to deny that a walker in Judæan fields teaches us the greatest things.